ZANAHARY

in

SOUTH MADAGASCAR

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ZANAHARY

IN

SOUTH MADAGASCAR

Malagasy Family and Home

ZANAHARY

IN

SOUTH MADAGASCAR

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By

ANDREW BURGESS

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THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
425 South Fourth Street
Minneapolis, :: Minnesota

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THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
425 South Fourth Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Printed by
AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE
425 South Fourth Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

To

Those Who Blazed the Trail

for

Christ in South Madagascar

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Preface

ZANAHARY means the "Creator" and is the oldest word for God in the Malagasy language. The word "Andriamanitra," of more recent origin, is most frequently used by the Christians to designate the name for God, but the name Zanahary has found its way into hundreds of Malagasy hymns and we often hear that name uttered in the most fervent prayers. To these brown brothers, that name has taken on the depth of meaning expressed in the God of Salvation.

The progress of the Gospel in Madagascar is unique in mission history of this age, an incomparable record of the power of Christ to transform hearts and a nation. To compress into one short volume the glorious triumph of the Lord of Salvation on the island of Madagascar has been a real problem. Chapters have had to be reduced to paragraphs and paragraphs to sentences. One would love to linger a longer time with the Martyrs in their struggles and trials and their victories in glory. The great spiritual awakening which began at the opening of the century and continues until this day, warms our hearts.

Madagascar has been almost an unknown country to the large majority of the reading public. Very few books have appeared in this country on Madagascar. It has been our purpose to make Madagascar better known in America and to record the marvelous progress of the Lord's program. It is our earnest prayer that the thoughts expressed in this book may strengthen the faith of the readers in the power of the Gospel as it is revealed on the foreign field; create new interest in the Lord's program for foreign missions in some places; and deepen it in others.

Many friends have given valuable assistance in the preparation of the manuscript and the author wishes to

express his deepest appreciation to them: to numerous writers for ideas which have been freely taken from their books and embodied in the text, especially to E. Birkeli, M. J. Horne, and F. Bjertnes of the Norwegian Missionary Society; to E. H. Hayes ("David Jones"), W. Ellis ("The Martyr Church"), T. T. Matthews ("Thirty Years in Madagascar") and James Sibree of the London Missionary Society; and to M. J. Stolee, Th.D., P. A. Bjelde and Miss Nellie Dahl of our own mission.

My grateful acknowledgments are due to fellow missionaries who evaluated the contents of these chapters; to Miss Marie Malmin, Ph.D., who read the manuscript and made corrections; to J. R. Birkelund, M.D., for his many encouragements and constant personal assistance; to H. Hoverstad for his active interest and ready council; to Miss Ingeborg Stolee for many suggestions and valuable improvements in the text; and especially to my wife who sympathetically co-operated with me in my work in Madagascar and constantly aided me in the preparation of the manuscript.

Andrew Burgess.

St. Paul, Minnesota, March, 1932.

CHAPTER I

Madagascar in Early Times

THE young men had been away during the entire morning watching the herds of hump-backed long-horned cattle. One of the chief's cattle was missing—had been instantly killed by a monster crocodile lying among the river grasses at Andakana. A quick snap of wicked jaws over the throat of the ox had done the deed. A common incident this, caused by cruel fate and the evil spirits which continually sought to do mischief. The herd, a large one despite such losses, was being driven home along paths which wound in and out among the travelers' palms—home to the village of Manafiafy, to be put in corrals over the night and guarded lest enemy tribes steal them in the dark. On the south and east they were bounded and protected by the ocean which rose and washed the village when the tide was high.

The bronze colored Malagasy knew but one sea, the great Indian Ocean bordering the island. The nearness of Africa on the west or the immense expanse of water separating them from India and Australia on the east, held no significance for them. It was the great Ocean that they knew, the Ranomasina (salt water), the Riaka, which raged with storm and destruction, or turned gently and smiled, giving them fish, and sending refreshing breezes to relieve the intense tropical heat.

To these savage sons of the soil, there was but one land, their Island of Madagascar. So they called it *izao tontolo izao* (the whole world) and *ambanin'ny lanitra* (under heaven). To them Madagascar was a universe.

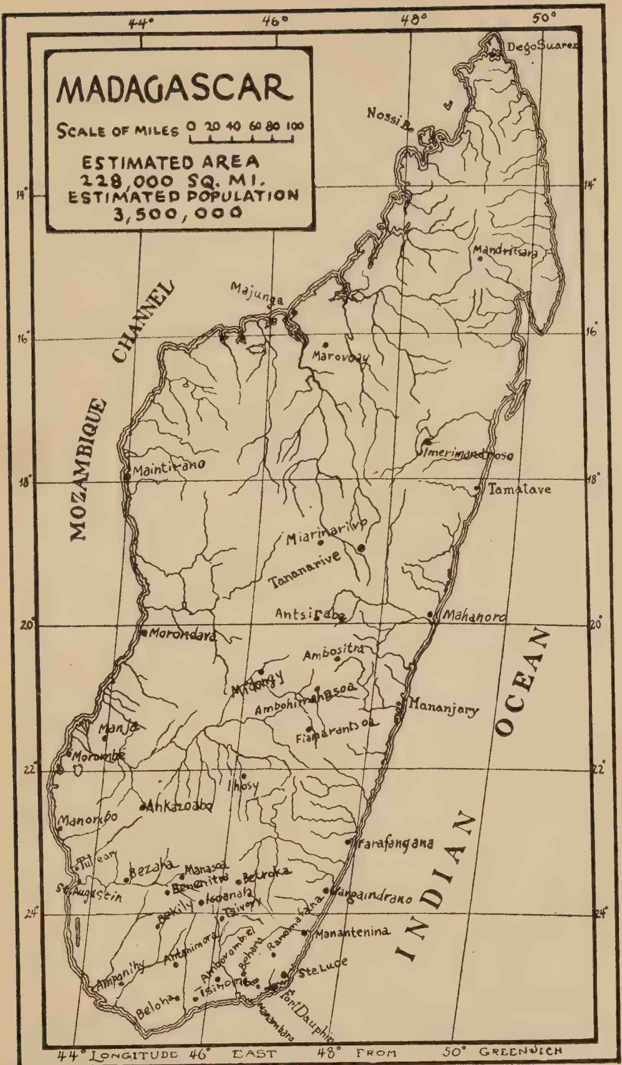
They were indeed aware that lands were in existence beyond the sea, but what were they when compared to this glorious country which *Zanahary* (God) gave their

ancestors in ages past? These foreign lands were inhabited, of course. They were the homes of sickly-colored evil people. The less they had to do with those white faces who came at irregular intervals in large winged ships, the better. They were as troublesome as the leeches which suck the blood of travelers when they cross the Tsitongambarika Mountain on a cloudy day. But when these parasites had had their fill, they turned away and left for those vague distant lands which had no place or meaning to the Tanosy or other Malagasy. Then one day the white man came to stay.

The herd boys thought it very pleasant sauntering behind the herds that afternoon. The rice fields were near the mountain. Here, in the sandy soil, were patches of sweet potatoes and manioc. The pitcher plants, in glorious red and gold, nodded and smiled with wide open mouths, hoping to beguile some unsuspecting insect on its homeward flight. The sun was setting in rose and purple over Siliva Mountain, and the long rays played hide-and-seek among the sugar cane, bamboo, and palms, raced down the river which traced a shimmering silver ribbon to the sea, and then lingered a few moments on the landscape, as ferns and flowers closed their eyes and bowed their heads in sleep.

The cattle and herdsmen leisurely drew near their destination. Suddenly from the village with a clamor rushed men with spears and knives, women with babies on their backs and burdens balanced on their heads, children stumbling and crying in fear. The herds stopped in bewilderment and turned in confusion. The villagers frantically drove them away from the village and into the forest and mountains for refuge.

Terrible news was the cause of the excitement, the herdsmen were informed. A sail ship had suddenly come out of the horizon and had anchored near shore at Manafiafy. Small boats had been lowered over the ship's sides,


MADAGASCAR
SCALE OF MILES 0 20 40 60 80 100
ESTIMATED AREA
228,000 SQ. MI.
ESTIMATED POPULATION
3,500,000
44° 46° 48° 50°
14° 16° 18° 20° 22° 24°
MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL
INDIAN OCEAN
Diego Suarez
Nossi Be
Mandritsara
Majunga
Marovoay
Maintirano
Imerimandroso
Tamatave
Miarinarivo
Tananarive
Antsirabe
Mahanoro
Morondara
Ambositra
Midongy
Mananjary
Manja
Fianarantsoa
Morombé
Ihosy
Ankazoabo
Manombo
Farafangana
Tulear
Bezaka
Manasoa
Benenitra
Betroka
St. Augustin
Vangaindrano
Isoanala
Bekily
Tsivory
Manantenina
Ampanihy
Antanimora
Ambovombe
Behara
Ranomafana
Ste. Luce
Beloha
Tsihombe
Fort Dauphin
Manambara
44° LONGITUDE 46° EAST 48° FROM 50° GREENWICH

and soon a large number of people were seen, pale-faced and long-nosed, as were all foreigners. They had landed on the beach, had planted a long pole in the sand, and fastened a gaily colored ensign to its top. This bright cloth had given the villagers a terrible fright; they believed it must be a bad omen, as they peered through the bushes.

Before the strangers reached the beach, the Malagasy had gathered their possessions and disappeared in the woods. And now that the herdsmen were informed, king and chiefs, men and women, children and cattle sped westward to seek shelter in the many recesses afforded by nature.

They had no doubt as to the purpose of the foreigners. They believed they had come to bargain for slaves, and to sell them on some distant shore. They would become bondsmen, would never see their own land again, would not be buried in the family burial ground, and their departed spirits would be lost and would have to wander, having no tombstone to dwell in. There could be no worse damnation.

There had been many former ships, and they had usually come for the purpose of acquiring slaves. It was the opinion of the Manafiafy inhabitants that such a trade was good and quite all right provided that the captives were of the enemy tribes to the north and west. If they had as prisoners some of these enemies, they could sell them to the foreigner at a high price—for colored cloth, bright trinkets, gunpowder, and guns. There was no guilt in selling captives into exile. So would the enemy tribes do to them, should they become prisoners. It was their way of achieving commercial gain. The competition was intense. Had the Tanosy chiefs had in possession a nice group of Taisakas or Tandroys, they would have remained to bargain for high prices. But having none, they fled, lest they themselves be entrapped and carried off.

However, these foreigners were not planning to sail away. They had come to form a colony at Manafiafy. Their ship landed in 1643 at this small port about twenty-five miles north of Fort Dauphin. Manafiafy was later called Saint Luce because the landing took place on the thirteenth of December, called *Sainte Lucia* in the Catholic calendar. Their captain was called Pronis, and is remembered as a most cruel and unjust man.[1]

The villagers returned from their hiding when they found there was no immediate danger of imprisonment. But now the days of unmolested peace were over, they found, for within a short time Pronis had them in his power. They were forced to fetch timber for houses, rice, fish, fowl, cattle, honey, and other provisions which the country could produce. Abuse and confiscation were the means of his rule. At any opposition from the natives, villages were burned and women enslaved.

After a time other ships arrived, and about seventy colonists increased the settlement. The yoke became heavier and more intolerable to the Malagasy. They hated oppression, and even at the peril of dire penalty they ventured to make existence unhappy for the newcomers. They were successful, and they observed that the white people became paler and thinner, and they fell ill in increasing numbers. Malaria laid them prostrate. Death took a large toll and sickness left the rest weak and broken, and a prey to the vengeance of the islanders.

Pronis found it necessary to abandon the establishment at Manafiafy and to move to *Tolonaro,* (many bones), also called Fort Dauphin, in honor of the crown prince who in French is called the "Dauphin." The climate at Fort Dauphin being more wholesome, the health of the colonists revived within a short time.

The tyranny continued with renewed vigor. Pronis'

[1] Grandidier, *Collection des Ouvrages Anciens Concernant Madagascar,* Tome 3, pages 34-37.

arm extended to Manafiafy and its people. The rich and fertile valley of Ambolo, and the navigable rivers, all were made to serve the invaders. While the people labored under this tyranny, Pronis and the men under his command lived in indolence and licentiousness.

Such a régime could not continue long. The natives soon discovered disorder and revolt within the colony itself. As a climax to this, Pronis was imprisoned six months by his own people. At the end of that period, a ship anchored in the harbor, and he was released. It was then that Pronis committed the biggest crime of his career. He sold as slaves a large number of the Malagasy who served the colony, and shipped them across the sea. The natives were furious, especially as many of the deported belonged to the royal families of the tribe.

As a result of this Pronis lost his commission and was succeeded by Flacourt, who restored order in the white colony. But the Malagasy continued under a reign of terror. They trembled lest any offence be punished by the ravaging and burning of their homes, or even worse, by exile.

Champmargon succeeded Flacourt as governor and oppressor. He had under his command a man named La Case, who rose into high esteem among the natives. He was both loved and feared by the islanders. He won a great number of victories and acquired the name of Dean Pousse. No greater honor could have been conferred upon him, for Dean Pousse was the name of the legendary chief who formerly conquered the island. The elders of the natives told of the exploits of this ancestor, as they sat about the embers at night, the mellow ocean breeze caressing their brown bodies, and the Southern Cross rotating slowly in its course.

Yes, La Case was a hero, a man of valor according to the Malagasy heart. And the natives were indignant at the disgrace La Case often suffered from jealous superiors.

He received neither promotion nor reward for excellent services. Finally, in desperation, he deserted his countrymen, and together with five others joined the Malagasy king, Rassassity of Ambolo. At this the commander of the white colony became furious and set a price upon La Case's head. The natives considered La Case their own man, and so, in retaliation they unanimously refused to supply the colony with food. Thus famine increased the desolation occasioned by fever and other troubles, and large numbers of the French died. Only a feeble remnant of the colony was left. The jealous governor would neither relent nor recall La Case, preferring to see his countrymen die in misery.

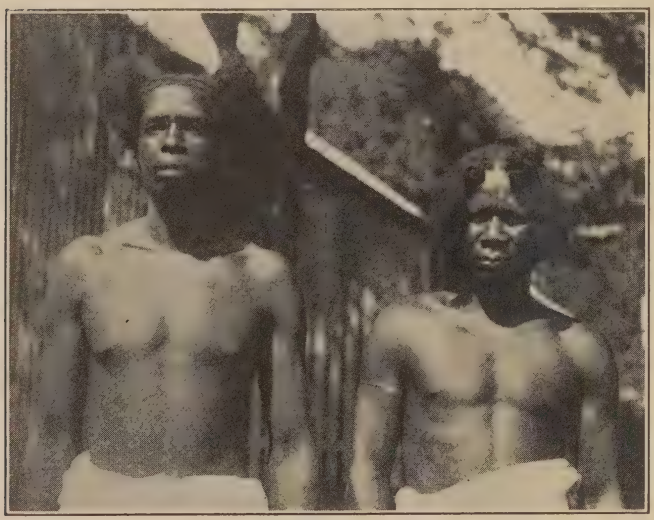
At that time a ship came to the relief of the colony. Champmargon was intimidated and was compelled to recall La Case. Immediately provisions poured into the fort, and the natives bowed in respect to the new order.

All might have gone well, had it not been for the inconsiderate zeal of a Catholic priest which precipitated the country into a bloody war, more disastrous to the French than to the Malagasy.

The king of the Mandrare province was a powerful and influential ruler and a firm ally of the white colony. He was really a person of many fine qualities, and therefore Father Stephen, the Lazarist priest, believed it would be easy to convert him to Catholicism. When the big chief perceived the intentions of the religious man, he made an oration wherein he told Father Stephen very politely that he would have none of his interference, that it would be wiser for the priest to convert his own countrymen first of all. The Malagasy were well aware of the disgraceful lives the whites of the colony were living. The priest made no reply to the orator. On the contrary, he ordered in a commanding voice that the king dismiss all of his wives, except one. At this the monarch's women arose in fury, jumped at the priest and hammered him with

blows; and only the big chief himself was able to save him.

This king, Mananga, did not want trouble, and so, after saving Father Stephen's life, he gave him a fine present and asked for fifteen days to meditate upon his conversion. The fact was that he purposed to move his wives and people out of reach of this over-zealous priest.



Tanosy Men

The Father, however, had spies who told him of the king's departure, and very soon after the latter had settled in a distant district, the priest, together with several subordinates all dressed in sacerdotal habits, appeared in the village. Mananga begged politely and then desperately to be left alone. He carried charms around his neck, chest, and arms, against evil and for good luck, as is heathen custom. The priest did not reply to the king's request;

instead he snatched his amulets and threw them into the fire. This was a most unpardonable offence, and the king was so infuriated that he ordered the priest and his followers to be killed instantly, and he vowed he would seek revenge against the white men who had thus abused his hospitality. He would clear them entirely out of the island.

At the same time the commander at Fort Dauphin sent an expedition of forty men to the north to conquer that country. The natives fled in terror as the white men advanced. Villages were burned. Cattle were confiscated. The king of the north was frightened at the approach of the advancing force. So he sent a gift of honey and rice and four oxen, and asked the purpose of this honorable visit. The commander replied that he came to subject the country to the new rule. The chief was alarmed and offered four hundred oxen as a gift of peace. The commander then requested 20,000 oxen or he would ravage the country. At this threat the king became furious, and, as the invaders were walking through a field of sugar cane, he caused them all to be slaughtered. Only one man escaped to tell the story to the governor at Fort Dauphin.

Champmargon, resolving to punish the natives for murdering his men, set out with thirty soldiers and burned the villages and killed women and children without pity or distinction. Only one Catholic priest had survived at the Fort. He accompanied Champmargon and carried his banner all through the bloody scenes.

Champmargon ran out of provisions. Mananga and other kings and chiefs blocked his return to Fort Dauphin. He would most certainly have perished, had not the brave La Case, together with a few faithful supporters, come to the rescue of his old enemy, and made it possible for the expedition to regain Fort Dauphin in safety.

The colony had now reached a deplorable state. The chiefs refused to send in provisions, and they intercepted

all who were sent out in search of food for the Fort. Again La Case saved the day, this time by conveying a large herd of cattle to the colony. Famine was again temporarily averted.

After all these deeds of valor La Case's company saw fit to reward him for his great services. He was made a lieutenant and given a sword. La Case thanked them beautifully and promised to continue to help his countrymen at Fort Dauphin. This he also did, reconciling Manangа, the Malagasy king whom the Lazarist priest had offended, to the colony. Thus provisions were secured, and the settlement revived.

Trouble seemed at an end for the moment, but alas, La Case died. His death was mourned as much by the islanders as by his own men, all of whom he had served in time of distress.

Very soon Champmargon died too, and there was a new commander. By this time the natives had lost their former fear of the thunderous cannons and bright uniforms. They despised and hated the invaders. The kings of Mandrare, of Ambolo, and of Manafiafy, united in a plot to destroy the whole French colony. They bided their time but continually intercepted provisions, and wrought mischief.

The governor found conditions unbearable. One day when a boat sailed into port, he put his family and himself on board, deserting his countrymen of whom he was supposed to be the protector.[2]

Before the ship had sailed out of harbor, the Malagasy allies fell upon the little garrison. All the white people had gathered in the church for the Christmas morning mass. The church was surrounded by a howling mob seeking blood. Every white person was slaughtered in a cruel butchery. That was the end of the white colony (1672).

[2] Abbe Rochon in *Robert Drury's Journal*, pages 373-396.

Some time later a group of priests hazarded the perils of settling on the little island, Saint Luce, right out from Manafiafy. There they sang masses to the howling of the monsoons and the roar of the breakers on the rocks. But their venture was short lived, and only a bitter resentment in Tanosy hearts against an early oppression remains as their memorial.

For the hearts of the Tanosy vary as much as do the elements about them. Their dispositions are gentle as their sunny isle. But when their anger is aroused, they are wild and furious as a tempest on their own Manafiafy shore.

In such a storm the waves are driven for days by the monsoons, ever westward from Australia and south of India, increasing in speed and fury until they break on the thousand mile coast of east Madagascar. The Vatolamphy, a huge mass of rock jutting into the sea near Manafiafy, remains hard and unmoved. At its obstinacy the waves rise, mountainous in size, only to break on the stony surface in howling, shrieking despair and to fall back into the voluminous groans of the deep. Again and again, the ocean, borne on a terrific gale, hurls itself on to that cliff, only to retreat into the abyss below and to give way to new swells of the mighty tempest. Then woe to the ship or sailing craft that tries to keep afloat near that shore. It will be grasped by those greedy hands, will be twisted and tossed about, and giant arms will embrace it and draw it into the bosom of the ocean. After the storm it will emerge as driftwood on the Manafiafy shore.

Early Accounts of Madagascar

Years before this first French colony had been formed, had struggled its few years, and had died in a torrent of blood, Madagascar had been known to the white man. He had heard of this great island even in the thirteenth century. In his extensive travels, the Venetian, Marco

Polo, came in contact with orientals who told him of Madagascar. He did not, however, himself see the island, and his descriptions are often very exaggerated and greatly confused with accounts of Africa.

Madagascar was first discovered by white men in the year 1505, when the Portuguese, Don Almeida, set foot on the east coast of the island.

The Arabs, however, had traded with the natives for many centuries previously. It is thus that Arab beliefs and customs entered greatly into the life of the Malagasy — their language, culture, commercial practices, and religion. Arab features are noticeable in many Malagasy faces on the east coast, and many native chiefs and kings trace their origin to Arabs. Thus Befianatrika and Befialy, the last two kings in Anosy, at Manambaro, descended from the Zafiraminia who claim to be descendants of Ra-Amineh, the mother of Mohammed, the prophet.

The fabulous giant bird, the roc, told of in the Voyage of Sinbad, the Sailor, in Arabian Nights, is very probably the aepyornis of Madagascar. This enormous bird is now extinct, but its fossils are numerous on the island and indicate that it sometimes reached a height of six feet. The egg of this bird was as large as a football. One such egg was brought to America by Rev. Peter A. Bjelde, and may be seen at the Field Museum in Chicago.

It is thought by some that the Jews may have known of Madagascar. Authorities claim that the Ophir of Scriptures, whence Solomon received gold, was on the east coast of Africa. Therefore sailors in the ships of Tarshish have very probably visited Madagascar. Religious beliefs and practices point to some such connection. There is the semblance of the scape goat, also the practice of soaking a piece of bulrush in the blood of a bullock at the annual festival of "the Bath" and placing it above the door as a protection from evil. The sacrifice of the bullock on this festival may have come from the

A Malagasy Village

Comparative sizes of Aepyornis, Crocodile, and Ostrich Eggs

Old Testament custom of sacrificing the bullock on the day of the Atonement.

There are also other customs in connection with marriage and bankruptcy which indicate Jewish influence.

There is, however, no written record of the coming of white man before in the early part of the sixteenth century, as we have already noted. It was then that white traders began a flourishing business in human flesh. The slave trade had been plied by the Arabs before this but now the commerce continued on a grand scale. The chocolate colored Malagasy were captured or bought for $30 to $40 each and sold in North and South America and the West Indies for from $150 to $400. So it was a very flourishing business. It is to be noted that some of the slaves imported to Virginia and North Carolina were Malagasy.

The trade prospered for three hundred years, and Malagasy history has many sad pages written in the experiences of the islanders especially at Saint Luce and Fort Dauphin. It was after the war between England and France in 1814, when Mauritius, a neighboring isle of Madagascar, came under British rule and Madagascar was directly influenced by the British, that Sir Robert Farquhar, Governor of Mauritius, was able to negotiate a treaty with King Radama of Madagascar to abolish the slave trade with foreign nations.

The Malagasy themselves continued to have slaves for a long time after this. Laroche, the first French Governor of Madagascar, a Protestant, on Sept. 27, 1896, put an end to the terrible curse of slavery within the island.

It is of interest to note at this time that it was Sir Robert Farquhar who first wrote to the London Missionary Society and suggested that they take up mission work in Madagascar. As a result of this suggestion the first Protestant missionary, David Jones, was sent to Madagascar.

CHAPTER II

Madagascar and the Malagasy People

THE JOURNEY TO MADAGASCAR

THE sun helmet of the young missionary is very new and very white in the bright sunshine. His sun shade is tan and lined with green. His eyes are protected from the intense rays of the sun by large dark sun spectacles. He is conscientiously equipped for the tropical island whither he is going. He has the right type of rain coat and has bought boots as directed. He has attended schools for years and received his mission call. His sojourn of language study in France is at an end, and now he is on his way to far-away Madagascar.

The Mediterranean is blue and friendly; every day the sun grows a bit warmer. After a week his steamer reaches Port Said. He leaves the west behind and enters the Orient. The ship plies on through the Suez Canal. From aboard ship he can see the sand dunes of the Arabian desert. New and strange vistas open before him.

The missionary sees the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea; he reads the old story again in his Bible, and it takes on a new meaning to him as he sees those red hills and feels the scorching sun. Surely the Lord of Promise will lead him and sustain him also as he goes about His bidding!

On and on, down the coast of east Africa his steamer bears him. At Mombasa the ship leaves the large continent, turns east through the Mazambique Channel and reaches Majunga on the west coast of Madagascar.

At last the missionary reaches the land of his labors, but he is still far from the field in the southeast end of the Island where he is to serve. However, as the ship

unloads and loads its cargo, he will go on shore, set foot on Malagasy soil, and see the faces of Malagasy people.

The latter desire is soon satisfied, for Malagasy are all about the ship. Majunga is situated in the land of the Sakalava, that vast tribe which inhabits the length of the western coast. They are the vikings of this island, large, strong, and sinewy, notorious throughout the land for barbarity, cattle stealing, and piracy. They laugh as they balance their tiny crafts, surf boats made from hollowed-out logs and supported by a long pole trailing in the water on one side.

They spy the missionary, and they see he is not a merchant; he will probably pay well, for he is young. As they hail him to come in their boat, he is happy that they like him so well. He studies them as he sits in the midst of the many brown bodies, and the boat rises and falls to the rhythm of their song. He marvels at their dexterity. His admiration makes them bold. "Un piastre," they say in smatterings of French. The missionary gives them the money cheerfully, little thinking he pays them a triple price.

The ship plies on around the northern bend, to Diego-Suarez, one of the world's great natural harbors. Again the missionary steps on the land. "Who are those young fellows in long clean shirts, who are pulling small top-buggies about?" They are *pousse-pousse* men and their vehicles are two-wheeled rubber-tired "buggies" for conveyance of those who can not walk under the Malagasy sun.

"Have a ride," they say. The missionary does not understand a word, but gestures make the meaning clear. So he seats himself in the carriage, and the native draws him along at a merry pace.

The white man regards the brown hands which lead him on. His mind does not yet realize that the hand of the islander will be upon him forever after this. It will

row his boat, it will draw his pousse, it will carry his palanquin. It will be beside him in the wild places, it will be near him in his home. He is a missionary, and so that brown hand will grow more and more dear to him, even as it ineradicably marks his body and his soul. The tropical sun and the fever will shake his frame, his erring dark brother will sometime throw him into agony of soul. The white man will never be the same as he was before his contact with the brown one, but he will be unspeakably richer. For he too will have drawn with his hand, he will have touched, he will have raised up. He will have established a bond that can never break. For he will have found friends and brothers in the land of the brown hand. In the mind of the new missionary these things begin to dawn as his pousse rolls gaily on.

The Ankarana tribe of Diego-Suarez knows much of the white man, the trader, but little of the white man, the missionary. For centuries the foreigners bartered in slaves for guns and calico and colored beads. As a result, a wall of suspicion was built up, a wall against which the missionaries of the Anglican and French Protestant missions of recent years are battling nobly. Now there are souls of the Ankarana tribe who are learning that the words of these white men are true, and that the Savior of whom they speak is their Savior.

Had the boat continued a few more days southward the missionary would have been at his destination. But his mission lies off from the highway of steam routes. So his many new trunks, covered with metal of tin or zinc or steel to protect against the inroads of rain, moths, and white ants, are taken out of the hold which has claimed them for a month. The brown hands lift his baggage into their boats and the white man leaves the deck.

He stands on the beautiful white beach of Tamatave and walks through alleys of cocoanut palms and eucalyptus trees. He finds that the natives of this district are

called Betsimisaraka and that they make up a large tribe. Their very dark skin, their woolly hair, thick lips, and flat noses show more African blood than is apparent in other tribes. The Betsimisaraka have suffered much from rum drinking, and are gradually decreasing in number. However, the Anglican Mission has worked among them for over 60 years and has accomplished much. Only as the spiritual life of the Betsimisaraka and other Malagasy is improved can the material welfare prosper. The French Protestant Mission has also worked with great success at Tamatave in recent years.

A small coast steamer brings the missionary from Tamatave south to Fort Dauphin. Many passengers and few cabins! There is an unhappy rocking of the boat even in rather calm weather. But when the fury of the tempest is on, when cyclones wreak havoc on large and small crafts on the eastern shore of Madagascar, tossing them about and crushing them as small toys in giant hands, then that little coast boat between Tamatave and Fort Dauphin is a perilous home. Many of our missionaries have believed they faced death on this last lap of the journey. It is the Lord of the Tempest who has ever held them in His hand as He guided the ship on its way, and again as they disembarked at Fort Dauphin. Only those who had landed here in such storm can realize the danger of jumping from the ladder of a rocking ship and into a little rowboat which tosses about on a turbulent sea.

If the sea continues calm, the sailing into the harbor at Fort Dauphin discloses a panorama of rare beauty. The Bezavona mountain with a shroud of fine mist over its head forms a magnificent background for the village built among palms and flowering orchids and majestic hatafana trees lining the shore.

The newcomer is so happy to meet his fellow missionaries who await him on the shore that he does not reap

Part of Fort Dauphin from the West

the whole benefit from the grandeur which nature sets before him. He has come to his own. From now on this Mission in Southeast Madagascar and, in fact, the whole island, will absorb his life and his interests. It will be his home.

THE COUNTRY

The interior of Madagascar, the Imerina province where the *Hovas*, also called *Ambaniandro,* live, has been called the "red land." The soil is a deep brick-colored clay. The houses built from the sod are red, and the water in the streams is red.

The Imerina province lies from five thousand to seven thousand feet above sea level. It is located on the third and upper level of three large steppes which lead from coast up to the inland. As one mounts these steppes from the east, one penetrates a dense forest jungle and the Ankaratra mountain ridge. Both of these run parallel to the length of the east coast.

The central plateau is practically a treeless country. But innumerable bright green rice fields on hillsides and in valleys, and many sparkling waterfalls, roaring cascades, and tiny streamlets trickling over bits of precipices add charm to the landscape.

Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar under the old régime and under the new, is found in Imerina. It is a city on many hills—red hills—which dazzle in the wonderfully clear inland sunlight.

The *Betsileo* province lies on the central plateau to the south of Imerina, and the country bears a close resemblance to that district in the redness of land and dwellings, in the spots of emerald in rice fields and in streams which reflect the translucence of the inland sky.

South of Betsileo we find the *Bara* tribe. These people are much like the *Sakalava,* great cattle thieves and fighters. Below the Bara live the *West Tanosy* and in the southwest part of the island is the *Mahafaly* country. The

Mahafaly people are known as a very uncivilized tribe and have until recently isolated themselves from outside influences. We rejoice that the Gospel has at last penetrated that very difficult people.

Androy

Androy constitutes the western and largest portion of our mission field in Madagascar. Androy! A name of charm to missionaries and mission friends for many years.

Androy is often pictured as the cactus land, the place of the prickly pear. And rightly so, for from the time history knows about Androy until our missionaries had worked in the district twenty years, this formidable *raketa,* as the natives call it, was everywhere about. It grew taller than any man. The large greyish-green lobes and the fruit were covered by long sharp thorns, as bristling as porcupine needles.

The cochineal parasite was introduced in 1926 near Tulear, to help clear the land. It did its work well. When the cactus was cleared off in that region, the parasite continued to spread like a plague of leprosy on the raketa plants, all over Madagascar. The tiny fly spun its white cocoon on the cactus leaf, the larvæ ate their way into the heart of the plant which turned sickly, withered and died. Within a few months the proud Malagasy hedges and bulwarks turned limp, fell over, and decayed like enormous carcasses all over the land. No more shelter from the enemy, no place to hide from tax collectors, no food in time of need. The *Tandroys* did not raise enough corn for the "hungry" months, cattle died by hundreds and thousands, people starved. Thus they are forced to work, to plant. But oh, how they mourn the raketa!

The cactus gone, Androy is not a desert, as some people believe. The tamarind tree, the friend of hot arid climates, grows along the river banks. It has an immense

crown of leafy branches, impermeable to the piercing rays of Madagascar's sun. In its bounteous shade, many a weary traveler, brown or white, has sought respite from the scorching sand of the trail, he has cooled his tongue by the fresh acidy fruit of the long pods.

The tamarind trees form a wide undulating band of deep green. This garland decorates and divides the landscape by gentle festoons of laurel, following the streams and valleys as they meander down the gradual slope of the country to the sea at the south. Thus the Mandrare, the Mississippi of South Madagascar, and the Mananara, its Missouri. Thus the broad Manambovo valley and its band of tributaries. Thus every valley where runs a rivulet, for be it only a short period every year, a noble array of large tamarinds casts a cool deep shade along the banks.

The Mandrare and its numerous branches have their source in the mountains up north near Tsivory, and so, no matter what the drought of Androy, there is always water in these rivers, mad torrents tearing trees and land from the banks, or a trickling stream, all depending on the rainfall up in the Bara mountains.

The Manambovo and its tributaries which draw their supply from the watershed of the incline of the country, are dry in seasons of no rain. In those times, Tandroys who usually carry water for a couple or three hours, must walk six or eight hours to fill their pumpkin gourds and poise them on their heads the same long way home again. They do well to return in one day. Very often these people cook their corn in milk. And as for washing, that is an untold luxury, far beyond the ambition of most Tandroys, at such times. They will wait until the annual season of warm rains, the only shower bath they know. The rain falls in the months from November to February but there are small showers now and then throughout

A Forest in Androy

the rest of the year. Occasionally, however, six or seven months pass without a drop of rain falling in Androy.

Add to this lack of moisture the intense heat of Androy, a temperature of about 106-108-110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. This session of heat comes about Christmas time. In July the nights are cool. The ultra-violet rays make it necessary for the white man to wear a sun helmet on cloudy as well as sunny, on cool as well as hot days.

What plants can live and grow in such a hot dry land, out on the vast areas where no rivers flow? There are patches and stretches of shrubbery all about, peculiar Androy vegetation, thick-leaved plants or plants with no leaves at all, adaptation to environment worked out very practically. Androy is a land of thorns, thorns on trees, on shrubs, and on flowers. The undergrowth of the woods is a jungle where only the wild boar ventures in and out. The vandelika, the baobao or bottle tree, and the tall onion-like fantsiolitra tree stretch their heads above the grey shrubbery.

Androy has a population of about two hundred thousand and the inhabitants usually live in villages. Most of the Androy houses are built from fantsiolitra boards, houses about eight feet long and five feet wide. The doors are very narrow and low, two and one-half to three feet high, and the door frames and the lintel at the ends are made of scalloped boards.

The houses are built close together and in clusters with out much order. There are alleys here and there where the cattle are driven in and out mornings and evenings, and where numerous long-legged skinny black pigs run about all day seeking food. Dirty children play about, small skinny chickens seek a bit to eat around the corn mortars. There are long hollow logs set up for beehives. A Tandroy woman weaves a strip of cloth on a small hand loom, from thread she has spun by her spindle and thumb from the wild cotton. The narrow strip of cloth

will be her husband's loin cloth, the only garment he wears. Her children, as long as they are small, need no clothing. They run about in nature's garb.

Anosy

"What a long stretch of banana trees!" exclaims the newly arrived missionary, as he stops to camp. He has traveled all day by *palanquin* accompanied by the older missionary in a like conveyance a short distance ahead. He has become accustomed to the lofty seat and to the rhythmical sway of the carriers. He has listened to their endless chatter and good humor. He has marveled at the large areas covered by broad-leafed palms.

"Yes, they do resemble banana trees," smiles the older missionary. "But they are in reality the traveler's tree, or the traveler's palm."

This palm differs from the banana tree in that it spreads its fonds like a perfect fan. When the Malagasy traveler finds the sun too hot, he cuts a broad green leaf and has a gorgeous parasol. In rain it is his umbrella, and he wraps another leaf about his bundle to keep it dry. At a stream he makes a part of a leaf into a drinking cup, another piece serves as a plate from which he eats his dinner. If he can find no water, which is unusual in Anosy, however, he inserts a knife or sharp stick in the axis where the branches join the trunk, and a cupful of water flows out.

But it is not only the tree of the traveler. It is a friend of every dweller in every village on the plains of the coast land. For, from the traveler's tree the natives build their houses. The *Tanosy* take great care not to complete a new house too rapidly. For if they do, the evil spirits will come and inhabit it, making it extremely dangerous for mortal man to enter. The presence of the spirits means sickness and death. To avert such catastrophes, the house is only partly built, the frame is put up, and

then left to be weathered by sun and rain for months and sometimes years. By that time the evil spirits are so discouraged and tired of waiting that they return whence they came. The all-knowing *ombiasa* (witch doctor) is able to tell when the danger is past, and the new house can be completed.

So the building is continued. Each wall is made ready before it is fastened to the frame. The midribs of the traveler's tree leaves are fastened together side by side, threaded firmly on strong slats, forming a lattice work. Each wall is then tied to the frame by means of stout vines. Some houses have an outside wall made from the bark of the trunk of the traveler's tree, pounded flat. If the house has a floor it is also made from the bark. The large blade of the leaf is used for thatch, giving the houses that "fuzzy-top" look characteristic of the east coast houses.

Now the house is ready, but before the owner dares to move in, the ombiasa is called ceremoniously to banish any stray evil spirit that may lurk in the corners. He may secretly bring a moth with a skull pattern or some other such insect, and as he looks into the corners the insect is liberated. He makes a great deal of commotion about catching it, enticing it by quaint words, and finally carries it off, to the great relief of the poor man who believes his house is now rid of an enemy.

A new Tanosy house where walls and floor are covered by fresh grass mats is as charming as a doll's house. But the native does not thrive in such a clean place. There is no chimney, and so the smoke of the open fire fills the rooms, the ceiling becomes black with soot and the mats and walls brown and grimy. That is the way they like to have it. "Like a sooty kettle," "like a house black with soot," are compliments of respect and dignity.

The native feels best when there are many people, six to ten, in a small house of nine by twelve feet. A goose

Traveler's Palm in Anosy

and a hen or two sitting in one of the corners add to the coziness.

A couple of wooden platters adorn a wall of the house. One is for the use of the head of the family, the other for the rest of the members. The Tanosy carve beautiful wooden spoons, but they are more ornamental than practical. The fingers serve much better as fork and spoon, and the family hatchet does any necessary carving.

The filth and odor in a heathen home is usually most offensive. Outside of the houses one finds dirty, naked children, usually followed about by a swarm of flies. Chickens and geese abound around every home. Cattle pens, built here and there in the village, are bounded on one or two sides by houses. The cattle are kept there during the night time. They leave their peculiar odor and insects to mingle with those of the houses.

Near the village in Anosy one always finds a running stream. Water is abundant in this district. Merry streams are everywhere heading for the sea. Naked brown children, in hollowed out logs, paddle up and down, or wade, always keeping a sharp lookout for crocodiles, who love just such nice tender morsels for dinner.

The rivers are bordered by luxurious tropical plants. Anosy is a land of palms. The palms found there are of every kind and stature, from the grand raphia tree to its delicate little cousin, the ornamental palm of a few feet in height. Graceful bamboo, about four inches in diameter, grow to a height of sixty-five feet. Ferns are profuse in damp shady nooks.

There are forests of valuable hardwood in Anosy. The harandranto resembles walnut, the magnary mena is like mahogany, and the magnary mainty of a darker shade. Nato is hard, like oak. There is considerable ebony wood near Ambanihazo. The filao tree is found in very sandy soil. It resembles a spruce tree and is everywhere in Anosy used as a Christmas tree by the Christians. The

hatafana tree has a very bountiful leafy top and makes a fine shade tree.

There are orange trees in most Anosy villages, but Ranomafana is especially famed for its fine products. Lemons grow in the same localities as the oranges. Bananas grow in every part of the district and during all seasons. There are many varieties of bananas, the small "baby" kind, the regular mealy kind, and the large kind for cooking. The large golden papaya fruit also grows in most places and at all times. The mango is a much favored fruit. Peaches, pineapples, letchies and other fruits have been imported and grow well.

Mention must be made of the beautiful flowers found in this district. There are large white waxy orchids in the woods, gay yellow pitcher plants all over the boggy spaces, flowers with white and blue and red and yellow blossoms, blue and white water lilies in deep ponds.

No one who has ever crossed the Tsitongam-barika mountain to Ranomafana, will forget the experience. He will have traversed a botanist's Paradise. The mountain is covered with jungle forest, high trees lifting their leafy crowns up to the sunlight, thousands of palms, hart's tongue or stag horn ferns, creepers, and flowering bushes twined and intertwined by a net of vines. Minute ferns, mosses, and lichens grow on the bark of the trees, each tree becoming a little world of its own. There are gurgling brooks, large rushing streams, and hilarious waterfalls.

Ranomafana has been called the *Goshen* of Anosy. It is, indeed, a very fertile country. From the Ambolo valley comes much of the rice consumed on the coast. At Ranomafana there are "cattle on a thousand hills," cattle grazing everywhere about and forming a distinct feature of the landscape. *Ranomafana* means "hot water." The name is given because of the hot sulphur springs which flow out of the earth, and which are visited by white and brown people for their healing qualities.

Animals and Birds

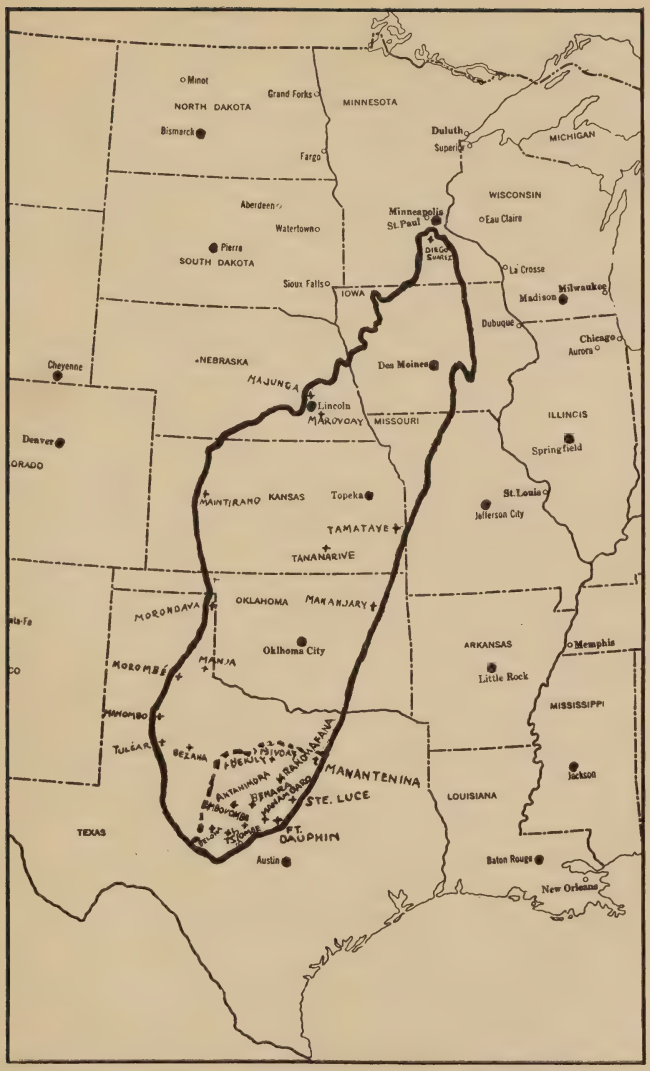
Madagascar is not a land of such ferocious animals as the lion, tiger, leopard, or hyena. There are no zebras nor elephants here as in Africa. We find fossils of large hippopotamuses and of a giant bird called the aepyornis, but there are no such animals living on the island today. There are innumerable snakes, but none are dangerously poisonous.

The most dangerous of Madagascar's animals is the crocodile. These animals are very inconspicuous as they lie sunning themselves on the bank of any stream and so may capture the luckless unwary calves, cows, children, or grown-up people. Old Imonja at Manafiafy has only one leg, for a crocodile took the other one. Sambo's brown back is scarred. He will tell you that he received the scars when he fought his way out of the jaws of a big crocodile.

The cattle of Madagascar have very long horns. On their backs they have a hump about a foot high. This hump is located between the shoulder bones of the front legs and usually weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. The natives are extremely fond of cattle. They prize them above every other possession, sometimes above their own relatives. They will suffer many wants in order to buy cattle. For with cattle a Malagasy buys eternal bliss, the only salvation he knows; without them he will be destitute in the life to come.

Besides cattle there are such domestic animals as pigs, goats and sheep. The latter do not have thick wool as they have in colder climates. In Madagascar they greatly resemble goats. Horses do not thrive in this hot climate.

The fosa is a bit larger than a fair sized cat. He resembles the wild cat and the skunk in manner and disposition. His color is a tawny brown, but he has cousins who are striped and mottled. He is a most unwelcome guest in the chicken house.



Island of Madagascar Superimposed upon the Middle United States

Madagascar is the home of many rare animals. Among them is found the pretty lemur, peculiar to this island. In Africa and Asia are found the chimpanzees and the gorillas, monkeys which may be called the first cousins of the lemur, but Madagascar is the home of the true lemur. Over forty different species are known and fifteen more are now extinct. The largest lemurs are three feet in height, while the smallest are about the size of a rat.

The animals of Madagascar have peculiar ways of storing up food for the famine time of their lives. The Malagasy ox has its hump full of fat like marrow. Some sheep of the island use their tails as a larder to such an extent that a tail has been found to weigh ten pounds. The lemurs also use their tails as a storehouse. During the cooler months, many of the lemurs return to their nest home, which is made of leaves and grass, and sleep until the warmer season returns. During this period the fat is absorbed and the tail becomes limp and wilted. Another thing to be noticed about the tail is that it is not prehensile, so it cannot be wrapped about a branch like a monkey's tail.

The Tandroys look upon the lemurs with superstitious fear because of their habits of traveling about at night. It is *fady* (taboo) to eat a lemur, and if they find one dead near their path, they will stop, dig a grave, and bury it with great reverence. It is thought that their ancestors after death change into lemurs. Another lemur, called the aye-aye, is also believed by the coast people to be the embodiment of their dead fathers. They will not touch an aye-aye and not even its nest, for fear they will die as a result.

The island of Madagascar is called "the great land of the chameleons." Twenty-one species are found in the land. Seventeen species have horns or other strange projections on their backs. No other country in the world can boast such a large number of curiously distinguish-

able kinds. Some of the chameleons attain the length of a foot, but the great majority of them are from four to six inches long. The usual color is a greyish-green, but it will change quickly according to the color of the object to which it is clinging. Along the ridge of the back of the chameleons there are long spines arranged like a great saw. Their tails are as long as their bodies and act as a fifth hand. Their large bulging eyes can move separately, rolling about very independently of each other. The chameleon lays eggs which are about the size of a bean. These are carefully placed in a hole and hatched by the sun.

Mention must be made of the flying squirrel "family." They have heads like squirrels but "wings" like bats. They dart about in the mulberry trees in the moonlight. In the daytime they sleep head down hanging from the trees to which they fasten themselves by specially adapted digits. They appear like some strange fruit about the size of grapefruit as they hang thus.

Anyone who is interested in moths and butterflies will find Madagascar fascinating. There are a great variety of them, both in size and color. Grandidier, the great naturalist, made a close study of them and has published his findings in a large volume.

Madagascar is also a land of spiders. Some of them are vicious and dangerous. The *mena vody,* a small black fellow with a red spot underneath who lives among the rocks, is poisonous and his bite sometimes fatal to people. The *taratra* is a brown spider who burrows in the ground and whose bite is fatal to cattle which happen to lie down over his hole. The "trap-door" spider, who burrows and puts a hinged door at the entrance to his home, is a clever creature. As the door hangs open one may not easily distinguish it from the ground. As soon as the prey has entered, the door shuts and the spider's feast commences.

Many of the missionaries have been bitten by scorpions, which are common in Madagascar. Such a bite is very painful and dangerous if medicine is not applied. The same is true of the centipede's bite.

There are parasites and vermin a-plenty. The sand flea is most annoying. It burrows into the skin and lays its eggs there. They enter the tiniest openings of the shoes. Part of the evening's routine during the dry season is to look carefully to make sure that no *parasy* are beginning to build homes in one's toes.

At times, monstrous clouds of grasshoppers fill the air, cover the ground, and destroy rice crops and all tender green vegetation. Natives collect them by the bushel, then pull wings and legs off and cook them. They are also dried.

"Valala, Valala," the pupils cry at the coming of the clouds of grasshoppers. And, without more ado, the classrooms are empty. One could no more keep a class of Malagasy children in order during a grasshopper swarm than one could keep American children away from a free ice cream stand. They love to eat grasshoppers, raw or cooked, dry or alive. The missionary prepares an extra quantity of medicine for "tummy aches" when the grasshoppers come. It will be in great demand during the next days.

Of ants there are corporations and unions, organizations par excellence. Thousands and millions of tiny brown fellows courageously attack a big dead rat. In a short while the whole creature has disappeared. An endless procession parades into the food cupboard in spite of basins of water and castor oil, both of which are taboo to them. One missionary's wife rubbed oil into her baby's scalp one evening. She was awakened at night by frantic cries. A multitude of ants were having their midnight supper on the youngster's head.

The white ant is a treacherous fellow. He pretends to

be fine and cultured. He devours the newspapers, he swallows the choicest literature, his intuition seems to tell him which are your most treasured books. He lays traps for you. Some day when you hurry across your smooth white floor your foot slips through a board, the other foot follows its mate. You wonder if magic made your perfect foundation suddenly give way. But investigation proves that the white ant has eaten the wood away, leaving only a frail shell.

The Madagascar cockroach is impressive. He is two and three inches in length and wears a patent leather-like suit of a highly polished dark brown. He is firm in appearance, and quick of motion. Alas, you soon discover that his smooth elegance is only a varnished veneer. He works in the dark; he shuns the light. He dexterously cuts away a piece of the front of the silk blouse which you brought from America and which is still "your best," he neatly eliminates the shiny parts of the dark suit in which you traveled to the island and in which you planned to leave.

The mosquito, on the other hand, is of a very sombre and insignificant appearance. You really would not attribute any power or influence to him. But you will learn that he blithely and cheerfully and with seemingly little effort destroys armies and wipes out nations. Just after you have extinguished the light and hopefully approach slumberland, he hovers over your head and hums his little tune. You groan with disgust and weariness. Then you hear him no more as sleep overcomes you. With no warning note Mrs. Mosquito settles on an arm or foot which has indiscreetly slipped outside of the mosquito netting. She fixes her long proboscis on a promising spot, pierces the skin, and pumps malaria germs into your blood. In a couple of weeks you are prostrate with chills, fevers, throbs, and pains. If you received much of the poison, your health may be broken. There is a continual struggle

with this enemy who fights in darkness. who gets you when you are tired and non-resisting. If you take enough quinine, and if you do not overwork, you may come through victorious. If not, you will probably be billeted on a coast steamer, to the nearest steamship line which will take you, pale and shaky, to America. The little grey humming insect has done her work.

The birds of Madagascar have bright plumage but are not song-birds of great merit. They do sing, however, in their own way. As we penetrate the eastern forest we hear the mellow notes of the *toloho* cuckoo, repeated whistles of the grey parrots, and another never to be forgotten sound, the shrill penetrating voice of the cicada, or *jorey*, as it is called by the Malagasy. This bird is only one and a half inches long, but it fills the whole valley with deafening notes. The Malagasy say, "Do not be like the cicada whose voice fills the whole valley though the creature itself is but a mouthful." Larks sing beautifully in Madagascar, as they do everywhere.

There are crows without number, black with a white triangle at the neck, like a parson's tucker. There are also hawks and herons. Guinea fowl, wild ducks and partridges add variety to the missionary's menu.

THE PEOPLE

The most interesting feature of Madagascar, as of every country, is its people. As missionaries, we take interest in the geography of the island chiefly because this is the home of the people whom we have come to serve. Who are the Malagasy? Who were their ancestors? Where did they come from? Those are questions of importance to the people of this island, and so they absorb us too.

Tropical sunsets are always beautiful, and those of Madagascar are no exception. On the east coast the eye-of-the-day disappears in rose and gold and purple

Malagasy Dancers

over the Ankaratra mountains, on the inland plateau it is a glow of crimson and sapphire, and on the broad western plains it is seen to sink in a gorgeous ball of fire into the Mozambique Channel. Then the air cools, and the Malagasy begin to talk. How they do love to talk! In Madagascar story telling is an art, indeed. For centuries, when the sun has sunk low in the west and its last long rays have played softly about the eaves of the villages, Malagasy history has been narrated by forceful word and gesture, and remembered and retold by generations. The Malagasy had no written word of their own, for they had no alphabet, no form of writing, with the exception of an Arab influence among the Taimoro tribe in the late centuries. This was local and so of no import to the island as a whole. Thus it is from oral legends that we learn of the people. Tales of tribal wars and the valor of petty kings are the favorites, but we also glean bits of knowledge concerning the inhabitants of the island before its discovery by the white man.

"Long, long ago," they say, "our ancestors came from the east, out from the lands of the rising sun. They came in long boats, double canoes over the great, big sea. The prevailing winds carried them on and on over its billows, and then they came to this land. They drove the *Vazimba* before them and made this our home. So we are not Africans, and we are not negroes. We are not black like the Senegal soldiers, whom the government has sent here. We are a beautiful soft brown, as our ancestors were who came out of the east in the long, long ago."

Much research and study has been made of the origin of the Malagasy race. The legend of their early coming from the east seems true. The Malagasy appear to have come from the Malayo-Polynesian islands. There is a striking resemblance between them and the people of the Philippine islands. It is not true, however, that the

Malagasy are not at all African, although the native resents and denies the idea of such a connection.

Of this African type there are decided characteristics found among the Malagasy, in fact far too many to be traced solely to the absorption of the slave elements. In this connection we have found a hypothesis set forth by the late Rev. Lars Dahle, missionary of the Norwegian Missionary Society from 1871 to 1920, an exceptionally able scholar of languages and ethnology. His opinions are on most parts agreed to by the prominent English missionary, Rev. James Sibree, and by the eminent scientist, Dr. Hildebrandt.

According to Rev. Lars Dahle's view, we have chiefly two races here, a Malayo-Polynesian and an African. We must presume that there has been a double immigration to Madagascar, one from the west and one from the east. Of these the East Africans, called *Vazimba,* were the first to arrive. Among the Bantus of East Africa there were formerly peoples called Wazimba and Wazumba. These people settled along the coasts of Madagascar.

"Then after the lapse of some time, began the great emigration from the island in the east. In many succeeding companies, and probably from different parts of the archipelago, they went towards the west in their double canoes (or probably many bound together) and took possession of the coasts of Madagascar, conquering the African natives, and afterwards intermarrying and mixing with them to such an extent as to become gradually one people with them, a mixture of African and Malayo-Polynesian elements. Being the conquerors and superior race, they impressed their own stamp upon the language, just as did the Anglo-Saxons in England, accepting, however, as did the Anglo-Saxons, a great many words from the original inhabitants, especially the common names of things of everyday life.

"The interior, being so far distant from the sea, and

separated from it by the great forest, was probably not populated at all before the Malayo-Polynesian conquest compelled some of the Africans who were unwilling to renounce their independence and submit to the invaders, to break through the forest and take possession of the interior.

"At last there came a new body of immigrants from the east, the Hova. As they found the coasts already occupied by a people partly of their own race, they probably were reluctant, or perhaps unable to fight with them and therefore proceeded to the interior where they had to deal with a sparser and purely African population, the Vazimba. After the arrival of the Hova in Imerina, the Vazimba, who found themselves too weak to resist and too fond of independence to submit to them, retired towards the west where they were sure to meet a people who were partly, at least, of their own blood. There they mixed with the Sakalava and have become a part of that tribe.

"So the Hova became sole masters of Imerina and did not mix with the people of African blood. As well for these reasons, as because of their being the latest of all immigrants from the east, the Hova have, to a greater extent than the coast tribes, preserved their Malayan characteristics." [1] They are the color of a dark Italian or Frenchman, their hair is black and straight, their noses are a bit flat, and their mouths are big but their lips are not thick. The coast people, however, are generally a shade darker of complexion, and their hair is curly and kinky.

The great French scientist, Alfred Grandidier, does not believe that the Vazimba were Africans, but Indonesians. His chief reason seems to be that the Vazimba are not known as having been a black people. The earliest written history we have of the Vazimba is found in Robert

[1] Dahle, L., *Race Elements of the Malagasy,* Antanonarivo Annual, vol. II, pages 224-225.

Drury's book on Madagascar, dating from the seventeenth century. Robert Drury, a young English boy, traveling on a trading vessel, was shipwrecked on the coast of South Madagascar, and held captive by the Tandroys and Mahafaly for fifteen years. In one of the tribal wars on the Sakalava, he first met the *Vazimba.* This is what he tells about them:

"We came to a town inhabited by a people of a different species of mankind, and of a language peculiar to themselves, though they speak the general language too. Their customs and manners differ also very much. Their heads are of a very singular shape, the hinder part as flat as a trencher, and the forehead very near so, which I do not think to be natural, but formed thus by pressing and squeezing the children from their birth. They have no charms but pay a veneration to the new moon and to several animals, as a cock, lizard, and some others. When they sit down to meals they take a bit of meat and throw it over their heads, saying: 'There's a bit for the spirit.' Then they cut four more little bits and throw to the lords of the four quarters of the earth. This is the general practice of those who have a regard to religion, but there are many who neglect it, as some in Europe do saying grace to their meals."

THE CUSTOMS

Our customs are often strange to the Malagasy. Theirs are incomprehensible to us. When we ask them: "Why do you do this and thus?" they reply: *"Fạ fomba vao"* (because such is custom).

To them it is custom to place a louse in the baby's hair, very soon after its birth. It is the grandmother who has the honor of transplanting the species from her own head. She is proud that the grandchild will thus have her kind of *hao* (pronounced "how"). When the child is three or four years old, his hair is often clipped short,

except for a tuft on the very top of the head. At first we asked the reason for leaving that bushy bunch of hair. "Why, that is the house for the *hao*," they would say. "But would you not like to be rid of them?" "It is our custom," they replied, and so there was nothing more to say.

But they do not want to have too many. So it is a friendly deed to spy into the neighbor's head for the grey insects. It would be bad manner to kill the creature, however; one must give it to the owner to kill.

The Malagasy Christians are learning and wanting to get rid of their lice, which we call them in plain English. But the school children often forget the new learning in regard to the old Malagasy custom. In church they may be seen scanning the heads of the other children. When they see one of the "creatures," they pick it off carefully and politely hand it to the owner to be killed. In the early years of the Mission it was not unusual to hear the missionary give this admonition during his sermon: "Now you must please sit still and not hunt for *hao* on anybody. Just look at me and hear what the Lord tells you in His *taratasy* (paper)."

The hair dress varies somewhat in the different tribes. But since almost all have very stiff and fuzzy hair, they use tallow, fat, or oil in large or small quantities to make the hair lie smoothly.

The hair of the children is cut quite close, as mentioned above. Sometimes the cutting is neglected and the hair becomes tangled and wadded. The heathen believe that this is done by evil spirits. Such children have been brought to the missionary with the request to have the tousled tresses cut. "For we are afraid of the evil spirits. If we cut the tangles the spirits will get us. But you are free from the spirits; so we beg you to cut away the tangles."

The people of the Tandroy, Bara, Mahafaly, and Saka-

Coiffure of the Tanosy

A Hunting Party

lava tribes generally put their hair up in a large number of small balls, made hard and firm by means of large quantities of tallow from cattle. It takes a long time to put the hair up correctly, sometimes the greater part of a day. Most of the time is employed in dividing, arranging, and plaiting it in order to show the skill of the hair dresser. Naturally, one cannot have such a coiffure done every day. It must last for weeks. When the heat is intense, the tallow becomes rancid, the perspiration runs freely, and the resulting perfume does not appeal to the white man.

When a person is in mourning, he does not arrange his hair at all, but lets it hang about in a very unruly fashion. The men, also, do not shave at such times and become very wild looking. Christian women wear their hair in one plain braid hanging down the back when in mourning, and blue is the color for grief.

The Christians and other natives who have been in contact with civilization for some time dress their hair neatly. The men have theirs cut in European style; the women part their hair in the middle and then plait it in very many small braids, from thirty to sixty or more, and join them in one large braid on each side, which then are crossed in the back. The style is becoming to them and very neat in appearance.

Another custom of interest is the way of naming the children. We no more inquire of proud parents: "What is the baby's name?" We ask: "Boy or girl?" And if it is a boy, we know that they call him *Ikoto,* and if a girl her name is *Bozy.* They are really pet names for the little tots.

After a few years the children receive names. In some tribes the name-giving is a big ceremony, but among the Tandroys and Tanosy (our Malagasy) there seems to be no special celebration for the event. The names generally refer to something in connection with the child's birth,

the day or the week or the month. When the first child of the author and his wife was born on a Saturday, an old Hova woman said: "Now if he were a Hova he would be called *Rasabotsy* (Saturday)."

Donkeys are rare in Madagascar and must be imported and are therefore a curiosity. One day a missionary rode into a village on a donkey just when a child had been born in one of the huts. The donkey brayed, and the villagers hurried out to see the marvelous beast. After a few years, when the child was to be named, they called him *Boriky* (donkey).

One little fellow was made well, according to the heathen belief, by an *ombiasa* (witch doctor) and so he was called *Velombiasa.*

The Malagasy are extremely anxious to have children, for it is they who must arrange the big funeral, mourning, and killing of oxen, for the parent to insure the happiness of the deceased. For this reason the natives often adopt children. The children also attend to the "needs" of the departed parents with much solicitude, in many cases more from fear of being haunted and visited by revenge by the spirits than from love or reverence.

When a woman in this country is near her confinement, she must leave her husband's home and go to her mother's, if the latter is still living. If the mother is dead, she must go to her mother's sister or other near relative. She must remain there until the birth of the child, and generally for weeks and months after that event.

When the child has been born, the mother is placed in a seated position, near the open fire. The "bed" is about half the length of her body and it is forbidden for her to stretch out. The relatives bring wood and the fire is kept blazing night and day. The cramped position and the excessive heat are extremely weakening. This remaining beside the fire so long is a part of the heathen purifying process.

The woman undergoes a "beautifying ordeal" at the same time. Tapioca roots and other yellow plants are crushed, formed into a paste, and applied like so much "beauty clay." The continuation of this for weeks and months naturally removes all tan and sunburn, the intense heat weakens and makes the patient anaemic. So at the end of the affair the woman becomes pale, if not white, and looks very delicate.

Confinement has ordained many bad customs for the Malagasy woman. Death from infection is very common; and death from pneumonia after the "fire" ordeal is but natural. Heathen mothers and grandmothers try to insist on imposing these customs on their Christian daughters. The missionaries work very hard to do away with the *fomba* (custom), and eventually we trust it will end.

At a very early age, the child is taught to steal, small things at first, such as a handful of rice, a piece of thread, a chicken. As his skill develops, he takes larger things, eventually cattle. About the only way in which the heathen children expose themselves to punishment is in the committal of theft which is discovered. Children are not punished for stealing; that is in itself not considered an evil deed at all. It is, in fact, considered a very good way of acquiring property, and anything gained by theft is considered a gift from the gods. But to steal so that the theft is discovered is such a stupid deed that it deserves punishment, and also receives it in big measure. Even after many years of French administration and contact with civilization a Tandroy youth is not a "brave" or a "hero" unless he has successfully added to his herd in this way. One who has no such valor to his credit is in danger of not being given the dark sugar-plum bride he has set his heart on.

The intellectual status of the Malagasy is not below that of the average man. He has a quick comprehension of ideas already worked out. He is able to memorize very

Tanosy Mothers

quickly. In mechanical aptitude he often excels the white man. He has also a most marvelous ability to make a great show of a little learning consisting of mechanically memorized phrases. For the average Malagasy is as unable to do independent thinking as he is apt at copying. A Malagasy preacher may go to the missionary to "borrow thoughts" and from them develop a most respectable sermon and deliver it with great force and eloquence. Quickness of comprehension of "ready-made" thoughts, and superficiality are Malagasy characteristics.

In argumentation and oratory the natives are masters. For ages they have thus settled big and small affairs at their palavers. The missionary, although well founded in the native language, can not attain the eloquence of the native preacher. However, the simple words of the missionary are usually much the more effective, for the Malagasy evaluate them in the light of the sincerity of the speaker.

We must say to the credit of the Malagasy that they have a great desire for learning. They can also easily adapt themselves to new customs and conditions. These factors have been a big help in promoting Christian teaching and living among the people, but we must realize that these features will be as much of a hindrance to us when "white" civilization gets a full entrance, bringing its gloss and glamor. The Malagasy are much impressed by "prestige" and ability. They will too readily accept the "new thoughts" unless Christ receives a big place in their hearts first. For this reason the Madagascar Mission is at this time most opportune.

A Malagasy Christian learns that he must "love his enemy," that he must be the Good Samaritan to a suffering stranger. Whoever tries to make people in Europe or America believe that the native was more virtuous before he "received religion," does not know the depth of the hideousness of heathendom. He has probably spent a

short time on the island and has been fooled by polite words and affected happiness. Colonial administrators agree that nothing can so transform the native heart and life as the *Mission* which means the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Boys from our schools are sought by merchants "as they are the most reliable," they say. Our school girls are found to be the most faithful maids and helpers about the house. These prove the sincere and true friends of the missionary. A former mission pupil walks long distances for a farewell look at his missionary leaving on furlough.

Engagements

Happy love and clean sentiment or feelings as known in Christian family life are unknown by the heathen. In the first place, the betrothal of boys and girls in southeast Madagascar is usually arranged by the parents while the children are very young, sometimes just born. The arrangement is based on the family connections or on financial gain. It is not strange that true love is entirely lacking. The children accept the decisions as being their fate and are resigned to obey. When the girl is upward of nine or ten years of age, she is sent to live with her future mother-in-law to be brought up in her new duties. If the girl is to be a second or third wife of a man, she is "trained" by wife number one, the head wife. If she is attractive in appearance, the "big" wife makes life most bitter for the girl. If the man is quite mature, he may bring the girl to his house to "bring her up" himself. The formal marriage takes place when the girl is more mature, eleven or twelve years old.

If, for some reason, the boy was not betrothed while small, or if the project has fallen through, the father of the boy looks for a bride for him. In case of an older man seeking a wife, one of his relatives is his "father." Of course the advice of the witch doctor, the oracle, is

consulted, and the leading members of the family called in for opinions. When a girl has been decided upon, the boy's father makes a visit to the home of the girl. As a rule she is a relative but not a close one.

The boy's father and another relative of dignity, a chief or elder of the family, enter the house with solemnity and greet the members of the family. After the usual remarks about the weather and other "small talk," the matter is introduced to the father of the girl. At first he speaks in ambiguous phraseology, and in a round-about way leads up to the subject. This is done in such a manner that everyone understands the drift of his remarks. At last he asks the family to consent to the girl becoming the bride of his son. After the speech, the party returns to its home.

The girl's father then calls the members of his family together and there is a grand consultation or "palaver." The boy, the family, and ancestors, are discussed in detail. If the project is found favorable, the boy's father and his party return, a great deal of speech-making is made on both sides, and the boy's father treats rum. There is then a discussion as to the gift the boy shall give the girl's father. For in Madagascar it is the bridegroom who brings the dowry. The gift is called the "sheep's tail," but consists of fancy cloth, money, or cattle.

The Marriage

The ever-valuable witch doctor is sought again to designate a "lucky" or "good" day for the marriage. Meanwhile the parents kill a chicken and apply the blood to the foreheads and temples of the bride and groom to be. This is a blessing from the parents on their children and has no special sacrificial significance.

The witch doctor will reveal whether or not the union of the young people is favorable to the ancestors or if it is *fady* (forbidden). The taboo can be overcome by

sacrifice, generally a big fat ox given by the bridegroom.

The "good" day arrives, but there is no palpitation of joy in the hearts of the bridal couple. It is just their fate drawing about them, the inevitable to which they must submit.

The first part of the ceremony consists of the sacrifice of the ox. The company gathers at the home of the bride, either in the house, or outside its east wall. In any case they turn towards the east during the offering. The ox is then led forth. The eldest of the family serves as "priest." A dish of water in which has been placed a leaf of a tree is set before the "priest." The latter takes a bit of water in the leaf, throws it up in the air, and says: "This is to thee, *Zanahary*, who hast created us with hands and feet. Bless these two who are to wed, that their marriage may endure, that their children be very many, indeed, that their work may prosper," and so on in much the same vein. Then *Zanahary* is asked to return to his far-off abode. They have finished with him.

The "priest" then calls upon the names of the deceased ancestors. They are named by turn, beginning as far back in the family history as possible and continuing until the last departed, at the same time throwing water up in the air from the leaf, beseeching the ancestors to bless the bridal couple, protect them, give them children and riches, etc.

Thereupon the ox is killed. Its mouth is held tight so it can make no sound. The blood is run into a dish. The "priest" dips a glowing coal into this and with it marks the bridegroom's and bride's foreheads. Then the bride and groom mark each other in the same manner.

The meat of the ox is then divided into parts and each one receives that part of the animal which custom has assigned to him. The boy's father, or whoever was the agent, receives the head, the bride's father, a front leg,

and the rest is divided according to rank. Thereupon they have a big meal.

After this meal the bride accompanies her husband to his home. It is from this that "wedding" in Malagasy is called *fampakarambady*, the causing of the wife to ascend or come. At the man's house his mother serves a banquet consisting of fowl, beef, fish, rice, sweet potatoes, tapioca roots, or fruit, depending on what the family can afford or on how highly they wish to honor the new daughter-in-law. These are legal marriages and both the parties, the boy's and girl's families, try to have them last, a difficult problem as we shall see. The couple seldom "lives happily ever afterwards."

There is another kind of marriage called *fanabadiampasina* (marriage on sand). The name designates the quality. In this case the parents have nothing to do with the affair; they thus receive no gifts, and no offerings or sacrifices are required. There is just an agreement between the man and the woman to live together. If they tire of each other they simply take their belongings and leave. A kind-hearted man may give the woman a kettle or other object in lieu of pay for her work, but in most cases she receives nothing. It is indeed a "marriage on sand."

Needless to say, child engagements are a nuisance in the Mission. We can not permit a Christian girl or boy of our schools to marry a heathen, no matter what the families claim. In Christian marriages the boy and the girl come to an agreement first of all, the boy then speaks to his folks about it, and if his parents agree, the father goes to see the parents of the bride, as was the old custom. There are of course no witch doctors and no heathen sacrifices in the affair. The couple are legally married, first by the government official, as that is French law, and afterwards by the pastor in the church. The "banquet" is given by the parents of the bridegroom.

Polygamy

It has already been indicated that the Malagasy men usually have many wives. This is particularly true of the well-to-do, for the ordinary working man can probably not afford to feed more than one woman. But if the man has the means, he often has several wives. He thus becomes a man of respect and dignity, he has more hands to labor for him, he will have more children to serve his spirit when he is dead. The word for polygamy in Malagasy is *mampirafy* (to cause strife).

Divorce

We can not say that no marriages last a long time, but such cases are rare. Even most of the so-called legal marriages turn out to be "marriages on sand." It often happens that girls, from the first time they were married, at nine or ten years, until they are fourteen to sixteen, have been married five or six times.

The reasons for divorce vary. The first year after the wedding it is customary and "good style" for the woman not to thrive in her new home. She runs away back to her parents. The husband follows, and after some argumentation and gifts the woman returns. This may occur many times in a year, but the woman is persuaded to return to her new home.

In heathen marriages it is often true that the woman does not thrive. She hates her husband and can not tolerate to live with him. He may be unkind to her. Or the mother-in-law makes her life bitter. In such cases neither money nor threats can persuade the woman to return to her husband. And after some time the man agrees to give her her liberty.

Failure to bear children is the most common cause for divorce. This is considered a curse from the gods. "It is your fault," says the man. "No, it is your fault," re-

plies the woman. She seeks the advice of the witch doctor, she buys charms, she sits up all night on "sacred" stones, all to no avail. She tires of quarrels and unhappiness, wraps her mats and other belongings in a bundle, and goes home to her parents.

At times many children are born. But death comes and takes nearly all. The man blames the woman. He divorces her. If he does not do so, his relatives will do so. It is in the interest of the whole family that children be reared. The reason many Malagasy women have no children is the terrible prevalence of venereal diseases. When children are born, these sicknesses weaken them so that many of them die. The infant mortality is tremendously high.

Or the man wishes to marry another woman, and tells his luckless mate that she may go. He may bring her to her own home and say, "Thank you for this woman." That is all the ceremony there is to divorce. The word for divorce is *fisaoram-bady* (thanks for the wife). A weak Christian divorced his wife thus and was rebuked by the missionary. He replied: "But does not the Scripture say that we should practise thanksgiving?" (*fisaoranna.*)

Heathen relatives often try to break up Christian marriages. In most cases, however, a Christian marriage is a "bond of love unto death." Thus true Christian homes are established. The Malagasy language has no word for home; the word used designates simply the place one lives. There are no expressions for "wife" and "husband." The word used is *mate.* We find that Christian homes are the marvel of the heathen about, a testimony of a Power and a Joy that they do not know.

CHAPTER III

Malagasy Idolatry and Beliefs

"GOD made us hands and feet. Then He went away and left us all to ourselves. We are afraid of Him." Thus the Malagasy people will often answer when questioned about God. Far, far away in the impenetrable jungles of the eastern homeland, where our forefathers came from, is His dwelling place; He has a great palace and lives in it hidden from the eyes of all men. No one is able to penetrate into His secret place. Only the jungle ancestors have permission to sit at His door and speak to Him if He deigns to open the door. This is the legendary story of the early existence of God.

Others believe God is in heaven. One Malagasy proverb says: "Like a chicken when it drinks water; though it has little or much in its beak, it lifts its head toward heaven." That God knows and sees all is acknowledged by "God looks from on high and sees what is concealed." "Do not think (of doing evil) in the secret valley, for God is overhead." "There is nothing unknown to God, although He purposely stoops down (to overlook it)." There is even a proverb recognizing God as the author of good. "May you be blessed of God." This is quite contrary to the general way of thinking, for God is commonly thought to be the author of evil and every calamity, and for that reason is feared above all else. That God is the giver of life is seen in the phrase used in saluting the father and mother of a new-born child, "God has given you an heir."

Belief in One God

Native traditions show that the primitive religion of the Malagasy was of a much purer type of Monotheism

than we find there today. They believed in one supreme spirit who created the earth and all mankind. All their other beliefs are later than their idea of God and hold a lower place in their religious system. Two names are given to Him and these names are known and used over the whole island, *Andriananahary* or *Zanahary,* "the Creating Prince," and *Andriamanitra,* "the Fragrant Prince." The former is the common name for God among the Tandroys, the latter is used in the Bible.

The ordinary Malagasy does not pretend to know very much about God except His existence and that He is to be feared and left alone as much as possible. They seem to have stopped with the acknowledgment of His existence and power. It is a foolish thing to them to hear a Christian call upon God in prayer. And if a Christian gets sick or dies, he will exclaim, "Isn't that just what will happen when you call upon God to come near and help you?" *Zanahary* has but a small place in their daily lives and especially in their religious ceremonies and practices.

No one questions that there is a God, for to do so would show great stupidity. Some years ago, a noted atheist from Europe held a meeting in Tananarive with the express purpose of proving to his Malagasy hearers that there was no God. He engaged a well established native doctor of Tananarive to be his interpreter. After much oratory and a long array of arguments, he asked the audience to adopt a resolution accepting what he said as true. To his great amazement, only his interpreter, a couple of other Malagasy, and his white fellow believers voted that there was no God and the rest of the audience with one accord voted that there was a God. As a result of his part in the meeting, the native doctor lost his whole practice and was compelled to seek work in the government offices, for the people, heathens as well as Chris-

tians, said: "Who would trust his life to one who does not believe in God?"

The Creation of Man and the First Sin

A legend is handed down among the Malagasy on the east coast about the creation of man. From eternity, there were two gods. The one created and ruled the physical world, and the other created and ruled the spiritual world. Each was powerful in his own sphere. For a long time they worked in harmony and were the best of friends. But once they had a disagreement and became enemies. One was destroyed and the other continued to exist to this day. Here is the story:

The visible physical creator made some bodies from mud and placed them on the ground. They were very pretty to look at while lying there, but for all that they were only mud. One day the god of the spiritual world came to visit the god of the world and was shown these earthen bodies. The heavenly god praised the beauty of their form and then asked why they did not have life. "That I cannot give them," the god of the world said. "I can do it," replied the heavenly god, "provided you will agree that if they should die, each of us shall receive back that which belongs to us, you the body and I the life; then I shall give them life." To this the god of the earth consented, so the heavenly god gave them life. Thus the mud bodies became people. They lived on this earth and liked the god of heaven most of all. They visited him often and he visited them.

The First Sin

One time they visited the heavenly god and found him eating his meal. He had a bowl of white rice before him. They began to crave this food so strongly that they did not have peace day or night. They asked the god if they

might taste it. But he answered: "If you eat of this food, you must die."

The desire increased and they pondered continually on how to secure some of this food. They had noticed how the god arranged his rice bin. The unpounded rice was so placed that they could sit in it when they talked with the god. They decided to make a belt with fuzzy fringes. When they visited the god again, the one who wore this belt sat in the bin of unpounded rice. All the rice kernels which were caught by its barbs were planted. The seed grew and after a time there was enough rice to eat.

One day while they were sitting at their table eating, the god of heaven came to visit them. He asked them where they had obtained the rice. When they would not answer, he realized they had stolen it and said that they must die. Thus death came into the world.

So the first people of the world died. The god of heaven took everything, their bodies and their lives. This made the god of the earth angry. He gathered his whole army and started off to take his rightful share. The great noise was heard by those inside the palace of the god of heaven. This caused him to go outside and see what the trouble was down on the earth. The advance troops were already half way up to heaven when he asked them what was the cause of all their disturbances. When he heard the reason, he said: "This is enough, children." They stopped where they were and became the mountains and hills of the world.[1]

The *Betsileo* tribe has an interesting account of the early existence of man and the world. At first the world was covered with a great forest. Then God burnt the whole forest and left only two trees standing. These became man and woman.

The origin of death came about this way: Man was

[1] Horne, *Nat og Daemring,* pages 34-36.

permitted to choose the kind of dissolution he preferred. One way was to be like the moon and die periodically to appear again, and the other was to die like the banana plant and grown again from the roots. Man chose the way of the banana tree and so mortality first began.

The people of the *Tandroy* and *Tanosy* tribes say that Idamy and Ihova were the first pair created by God. They give names to their children according to the *vintana* (fates), *Imosa, Imonja, Imosy, Imiha,* etc. They have the same idea of the death of man as the Betsileos.

How the Earth Was Cursed

Among the religious beliefs there is a remarkable narrative about lost glory. Formerly there were no roaring breakers, no howling winds, no disorder in nature. But one of God's sons fell in love with a beautiful woman and awakened his rival's jealousy. He was ambushed and killed in a disgraceful manner. As a punishment God cursed the earth and therefore everything is contrary. The breakers complain, the winds howl, and nature mourns over God's son.[2]

General Observations on the Malagasy Religion

The Malagasy people are a mixed race. For that reason their religious ideas are similarly mixed and often confusing. That there are three strata of religious beliefs may be seen in their religious practices. The Malagasy conception of the existence of God and the various attributes ascribed to Him, as well as the system of ancestral worship, were brought over from Malaya by the tribes of that extraction. Witchcraft and idol worship may be traced to the African influence on the island. Divination, taboo, lucky and unlucky days are the results of contacts with the Arabs.

There are curious religious customs which may be con-

[2] Birkeli, *Fra Tamarindernes Land,* pages 53-54.

sidered of both Malayan and African origin such as those seen at the burial of the dead. The fear of the departed spirits is African, whereas the veneration of the dead is Malayan. The circumcision ceremony may have come from Malayan or Arabian contacts. Thus it is often difficult to distinguish the origins of their different religious practices.

The Spirits of the Departed Ancestors

The Malagasy firmly believe that the spirit lives after death. They assign various places as abodes for the dead. Some say that after death the spirits gather on top of a high mountain called *Ambondrombe,* southeast from Fianarantsoa in the south central part of Madagascar. Here they congregate and hold their feasts with no separation of good and evil. A poor man on earth is still poor after death; a rich man here will be a rich man in the spirit world providing a large number of oxen are killed at his grave. Woe to the surviving relatives if they do not kill many cattle. The spirit will plague them with sickness and death until a suitable number have been slain.

The Witch Doctor

Next to the *razana,* dead ancestors, the *ombiasa* or witch doctor may be considered the mediator between the Malagasy and *Zanahary.* The *ombiasa* is a very important part of the Malagasy's life. His great work is to make medicines, magical charms, decide upon the lucky day for performing a ceremony or service and to manipulate the *sikidy* (divination).

Ancestral Worship

The heart of the Malagasy religious system may be found in their ancestral worship. It is not God that is the essential part of their religious ceremonies but the

Tandroy Witch Doctors Divining

worship of their fathers' spirits. At the beginning of a ceremony they will call upon God first, it is true, but that is done only to honor Him who has created all things. From Him they turn to their ancestors and at last to the earth.

This is a typical ceremonial offering which is conducted with slight variations, over the whole island.

I. "See, *Zanahary,* your offering:
Even though we pray to our fathers, it is to Thee who has created us hands and feet that we should pray first."

(Then a piece of meat is thrown up into the air.)

II. "See, O *Ancestors,* you who have lived before us, you our fathers, though we can not mention you all by name, yet all of you are included in this prayer!
"See to it that this offering need not be given again, do not make yourselves spirits without homes. Save your children and grandchildren from witchcraft! Bless us with good things! Bless us with all we need!"

(The meat is then thrown towards the four corners of the earth or swung to and fro as a Catholic priest swings the censer.)

III. "See, O *Earth,* here you also shall have yours, because we live upon you."

(Thereupon a piece of meat is thrown upon the ground.) Sometimes they consider the blood which has fallen upon the ground as a sufficient offering to the earth.[3]

Worship at the Family Altar

The Malagasy have no gorgeous temples, shrines, or other special places of worship as do the Chinese and the Indians. But there is a very interesting place of worship among the Tandroys, and until later years found

[3] Birkeli, *Fra Tamarindernes Land,* page 55.

among the Tanosy, which has a close resemblance to a temple for worship. It is a *hazo-manga* (family altar). Each family group has a place set aside in the woods not far from their village, and this is the meeting place of the living and the dead. The sky is the roof, and the woods round about the walls, and at the end of the arena are two or three carved posts or poles of wood about three to five feet high and six or ten inches in diameter. This is their family altar. It is put up with great ceremony and killing of oxen.

The head of the clan is the high priest. He alone can approach the *hazo-manga* and offer up the prayer to *Zanahary,* and the spirits of the ancestors. The family decides to ask Zanahary for more cattle, children, or his blessing upon their fields. A lucky day is found for the ceremony and messengers are sent out to all of the absent members of the family telling them to be present. None are exempt and to be wilfully absent is to bring down a great curse upon oneself. After all have assembled, a large ox is brought forward and killed near the altar by the son of the patriarch only. As the blood runs out upon the ground and soaks into it, the earth is said to receive its offering. The patriarch cuts the hump of the ox into pieces. Picking up the largest piece, he throws it up into the air before the *hazo-manga* and says:

1. "Here is to you *Zanahary.*"

Then he picks up other pieces and in turn throws them towards the four points of the compass saying:

2. "Here is to you our fathers of the east," etc.

3. The third part of the ceremony is the calling upon the ancestors by name asking them for a blessing upon the family. In a very polite way, the spirits are told that they have been greatly honored and they have a responsibility toward the living. As gods they must cause the rice fields to bear abundantly, increase the herds of cattle, and give the people many children. Above all they must

not come and cause sorrow by sickness and death. After the ceremony, the ox is eaten by the partakers of the feast.

The Burial of the Dead

The main reason for the burial ceremonies and offerings is the fear of the dead ancestors. Selfishness, too, plays a major role. A certain amount of veneration may also be found, especially in the case of the worship of the *Vazimba.* This veneration may be considered of Malayan origin. Around the Vazimba graves there are stones covered with grease. The new lamba or burial blanket placed around the body of the dead during the ceremony of the "turning of the dead" is another indication of the veneration which the children have for their fathers.

The Place of Burial

The Malagasy are like the Chinese in their desire to be buried in the family graveyard. Should they happen to die in a far away part of the island, the body must be brought home to the family tomb, cost what it may. To be buried away from home is the same as to be lost. If it is not possible to bring the body home to the family burial grounds, a stone must be raised in some prominent place, preferably along a main highway. This stone then becomes a resting place for the spirit, that otherwise would wander all the time and plague the living relatives.

The Tandroys bury their dead either in a great pile of stones or in the ground. The Tanosy usually bury their dead in the ground although we have been present when they have followed the custom of the people where they live, as in Androy, and buried them in a pile of stones. The grave lots are usually in a forest because it is thought that the spirits prefer to dwell in the quiet places. No one visits the burial grounds. To do so would cause a great suspicion to be aroused against the person. He

Hova Funeral Procession

would be accused of being a *mpamosavy* or secret killer of men and a worker of evil.

The inland tribes build large family tombs. They are made of wood or stone. The door, which is made of two large ornamented stone slabs, is always on the west side. It swings on an ingeniously constructed ball and socket joint.

Whenever a new family tomb is built, a great moving day takes place, of the bodies of the members of that family from other tombs, where they have been buried for some reason or other. On the appointed day, usually during the dry season, with great beating of drums, music, dancing, and the killing of oxen, the bodies are wrapped up in new shawls and carried to the new tomb. There they are placed on the shelves on the south side of the building.

Turning of the Dead

The ceremony of the "Turning of the Dead" (*Famodihana*) among the *Hovas* is a great opportunity to shower honor and glory upon the dead ancestors. At this feast, there is also much music, drinking, dancing, and the killing of oxen. The mummified bodies are taken off the shelves and wrapped in new shawls. They are moved to the north side of the tomb, which is the place of honor. Later the whole family will be rolled into one shawl. The children are not considered to have rightly expressed their veneration for their fathers until the bodies of these have been properly clothed. More money is spent on the tomb than on their own houses. A shawl for the dead may cost ten times the price of the clothes the living wears.

The Burial Ceremony

A Malagasy is extremely sick unto death. The relatives who hear about it gather at his home. The *ombiasa*

is called to decide what offerings must be made. He decrees that an ox must be killed to make the person well. Still there is no improvement in the patient. Finally he dies, and then the real ceremony begins.

Immediately after death, the body is laid out with the head towards the east. Messengers are sent to all of the relatives to come, and every person who is summoned leaves his work immediately and sets out for the place of sorrow. No delay is permissible. The messenger never says that the person is dead, but "he is very ill," even though everybody knows that the person is dead.

The women crowd inside the hut and start to cry and howl. Tears may not be present but the ear-splitting cries and groans that pierce the air are terrible to hear. The drums begin to beat and roll. The mourners work in shifts. During all this time, the closest relatives say nothing. They must not show any sign of mourning, but sit and suppress their sorrow.

The men gather outside on the ground in a great circle. If the dead person is rich, a good supply of rum is procured and the men drink to their hearts' content. Some rum is passed into the house to the women and then they begin to warm up. Their crying now turns into a series of songs in praise of the dead.

Everything possible is done to satisfy the spirit of the dead person and to cause it to follow the body out to the graveyard. An ox is killed so that it will have plenty to eat on the way. A new shawl is wrapped around the body so the spirit will be satisfied and remain with the body. The reason for saying and singing praises to the dead is to satisfy the vanity of the spirit. Even though the dead one were the most evil person while living, all must say that he was the kindest, noblest, and most beloved of all people. The women tear their hair and let it fall over their shoulders to show their sorrow. In Androy they often cut off their hair. If great sorrow is not

shown, the spirit will wander back to plague them. The worst spirits are those of one's nearest relatives. A gentle old grandmother who in a life time was most kind and helpful, becomes a fierce, unrelenting spirit upon death, ready to sow destruction, sickness, and sorrow, and must be placated.

A Tandroy Funeral

At Behara we witnessed a large Tandroy funeral. Fandilova, the son of Vontaly, had died. Twenty sheep and four oxen had been killed by order of the ombiasa in order to make him well. The father was willing to do anything to save his son, but it was all of no avail. So Fandilova died on Thursday, the fourth of December.

On Friday, the relatives came together and decided how they were to carry out the ceremony. Saturday morning was found by the *ombiasa* to be a lucky day. Early in the morning the funeral procession was formed. Several hundred head of cattle were driven ahead. After them came the men who blew the shell horns. The body was surrounded on all sides with women and mourners who cried and sang songs of sorrow. Then came the main body of mourners and a great multitude who followed the funeral procession. These people were not invited but gladly joined themselves with the rest, because the man was very rich and they knew that many oxen would be killed. The oxen were turned back shortly before the burial place was reached.

As they approached the burial grounds a very interesting ceremony took place. They were stopped by an elderly man who sat on the graves. "What are you coming here for?" he said. "I do not want any more of you people."

"But we shall not bring any more bodies," they all cried, "if you will only let this man be buried."

"All right," the old man said, "if you promise not to

Tandroy Burial Place

bring any more, then you may come." So the body was placed under a large kily tree and the women stood guard about it. The old man sitting on the graves represented the ancestral spirits. They were speaking through him.

The men went a short distance east of the burial grounds and chose a place for the preparation of the sacrifice. Four strong men, one of them a famous wrestler, came forward and struggled with the large spotted ox, and threw it on the ground. Two men stretched its neck and forced its horns into the ground. One of these men then held the head while the high priest of the clan, Resovoky, the only one who was permitted to perform this act, took a long, sharp knife and cut the throat of the ox.

Now Maroafo received the knife from the high priest and proceeded to cut off the hump of the ox and then opened up the ox and cut out the liver. These two parts of the ox are all that are used when making an offering to *Zanahary* and the fathers. The two helpers of Maroafo received the pieces and were very careful not to drop them on the ground. If this should happen they must give another ox in place of the one killed, as a fine.

The high priest and the leaders of the tribe followed these two men carrying the liver and the hump to a selected place west of the burial grounds. The offering was cut in long strips and placed upon a brisk fire. One man tended the cooking. The high priest seated himself in front of the fire. He was not permitted to leave this position until the ceremony of offering was over.

After the offering was well cooked, the high priest gave the order to his assistant to bring it to him. With his large knife he cut off a piece of the hump of the ox and throwing it up into the air, he said, "Here is to you, *Zanahary.*" Cutting off another piece, he threw it to the west, saying, "Here is to you, fathers *(razana)* of the

west." He repeated this formula to the four corners of the earth. When this was over, he gave orders that all that was left should be eaten by the friends of the departed (not relatives) and that nothing should remain. He himself ate nothing, for it was taboo for him to do so.

Resovoky, the high priest, next called to me and said, "Now we shall go to the burial grounds and find a place to bury the young man." Two men who had been chosen previously to dig the grave went into the forest and cut down two saplings in order to make handles for their shovels. It is strictly forbidden to bring a complete shovel from home. Only the head is brought along. The high priest went over to a piece of ground near the burial place of the deceased grandfather, took two shovelfuls of earth and then gave the shovel back to its owner. No one could commence digging the ground until this act had been performed by the high priest.

When the diggers had reached a depth of about four feet, four other men brought the lower part of the coffin and placed it in the hole. The body was brought to the side of the grave. The cords with which it was tied to the poles, were unfastened, and then it was lifted into the coffin. A beautiful brown and black handwoven burial shawl had been previously wrapped about the corpse. This shawl cost two head of cattle. A loin cloth was laid on top of the body, a gift perhaps from some of the relatives. Next a large lid was placed on top. This lid completely telescoped the lower half of the coffin.

When the grave was covered, all the implements used during the ceremony (the carrying poles, the ropes, and the pans for scooping up the earth) were placed on top of the mound. Last of all, the two grave diggers took the heads off their shovels, chopped the handles into small pieces and placed these pieces also on top of the grave. This was their way of saying that these tools should never be used again.

All who had had anything to do with the ceremony proceeded to wash their hands in the water brought for purification. The women went home but the men returned to the ox which had been killed, and cut it up, giving a piece to every man present. Not to give a piece of this meat to a person who attended the ceremony would be a grave insult.

It was now evening and so the mourners and the visitors went to the home of the young man's parents. Four more oxen were killed amidst dancing, beating of drums, and mourning of the relatives. As before, the father and mother of the young man showed no sign of sorrow. Only their tired eyes and hollow cheeks expressed the great grief in their hearts.

For many weeks after this funeral, the father or the mother of the boy could be heard crying in the early morning, before the sun was up, to the spirits of their ancestors where their son had gone. Many times the first faint beams of the sun lightened the eastern sky we have heard the long drawn out wail of a father or a mother. It is the cry of despair—no hope, no life to come.

Other Burial Customs

The custom of putting fire in a newly made grave before the body is lowered into it, to drive out any evil spirits, is sometimes observed. The Malagasy is very anxious that the spirit of the departed should follow the body to the grave and not stay in the house to plague them after the body has left. To help the spirit to realize that the body is going to the grave, the body is sometimes carried several times around the house to inform the spirit that it is going. The killing of oxen along the route to the burial grounds is also practised in order to keep the spirit in good humor and well fed.

Even with all these precautions, the spirit will sometimes wander back to the home. Then the witch doctor

is called on to persuade the spirit to return. The spirits love rum. So the witch doctor fills a bottle full of rum and takes the bottle out to the grave yard. He puts the uncorked bottle on top of the grave and then goes back into the bushes and waits. The spirit comes along and

Wooden Image Used to Invite the Spirit of the Dead

crawls into the bottle where he helps himself and becomes drunk so he cannot crawl out again. The witch doctor seizes the opportunity while the spirit's head is heavy and puts the cork into the bottle. When the spirit comes to himself, he finds that he is captured and begins a great cry and pleads to get out. That is the witch doctor's

chance. He has the spirit in his power. He tells the spirit that he will permit him to go free if he will promise to keep away from the house and stay near the grave. Then he must do all in his power to prosper the remaining relatives. This the spirit agrees to do and so the witch doctor opens the cork of the bottle and permits him to go free.

"Tokombato" or Raising of the Stone

Another very important ceremony which takes place some time after the burial services is the feast of the *Tokombato*. Woe to the children who do not have the feast as soon as possible.

When a person dies, his soul does not immediately become a member of the group of ancestral spirits or a god. There is an intermediate period until the time when the spirit is "exalted." During this period the spirit has no power. He becomes restless and tends to return to his former home.

If the children are lazy and do not appear to care very much, he becomes insolent and visits them with night dreams. Then the children begin to stir and realize that something must be done. They go to the ombiasa and talk to him about it.

He takes out his reliable *sikidy* and consults them as to the best time for the feast, where the proper stone will be found, and the place where it is to be raised up. It is never erected on the burial grounds, but usually at some distance, preferably along a main highway or in a prominent place so that all may see it. The witch doctor decides very solemnly that there is a stone ledge on a certain hillside which would make a fine slab. It may be a mile or more from the place he chooses for the final position of the stone. Word is sent out to all of the relatives telling them about the appointed place and time and reminding the nearest relatives that they must bring an ox or

two to help along with the ceremony. The people love to attend this feast, for it means many oxen killed, plenty to eat, and a few jugs of rum.

The first day, they all assemble at the rocky ledge. There is much dancing and an ox is killed. The food always comes first. A great pile of wood is collected. By a skillful arrangement of the fire and the pouring of cold water on the line of the stone thus heated, a large slab of stone is cracked off by the contraction of the expanded stone surface. A good stone slab for the purpose is from five to fifteen feet high, two or three feet wide and a foot or so thick.

The next day they gather at the stone and tie large poles to it, using tough vines as ropes. Everybody takes hold of the rope or a pole, men and women together, and pull. The stone is moved about a foot. That is enough for the first day's work, so they all go back to the kettles and the rum. Very little meat will be left by morning. Then what will the family do? The stone cannot be moved by its own power; only meat and rum will move it. The solution to this problem is left to the family which has arranged the feast.

Another day comes. Dutifully the relatives lead forth another ox. It is killed near the stone. The friends look at it and see that it is fat and large. Yes, it will help the stone move. The air is filled with songs and cheers and now the real work begins. The men pull and chant a working song used only on such an occasion. One side sings a few words, the other side replies. The stone makes good progress and there are prospects that it will reach the desired location by noon. But alas, vain expectations! The whole crowd sits down and talks. What are they waiting for? It is hot work and something must be done to wet those dry parched throats. Rum will do it. The large rum jug is brought out and liberally used upon the dry palates. This gives new energy and a new luster

to the song. All hands get to work again. Evening comes and still the stone has reached only the half-way mark. Another ox is killed. The stomachs are filled again. And so the work goes on for days until the desired spot is reached. Five or more oxen have been killed on the way. Now comes the great task of lifting the stone. With great shouts and yells, it is lifted up and the end placed in the ground.

Stones raised for the Spirits of the Dead

More oxen must be killed now that the stone is up. The fat from the humps is used to anoint the new stone and consecrate it. The horns are set up on a long pole or on a fence built about the stone so that all may see how many oxen were sacrificed.

Now the spirit has been properly exalted and given his proper place in the world of the departed ancestors. The spirits receive the new arrival as a fellow spirit. He has been "honored, made happy, and saved." From now on he will be prayed to and will be expected to help his

earthly relatives in times of sickness and misfortune and above all else, to give them plenty of cattle and many children.

The Feast of the Bilo

Aside from the funeral ceremony, there is no Malagasy feast that uses up more time, craves more oxen and rum, and leaves the givers of the feast so penniless as the *bilo*. The Tanosy do not practice this ceremony as extensively as the Tandroy. The latter make a great deal out of this feast, and one may often witness its performance, especially during the winter time. There are two kinds of bilo. One is a feast, where the *Kokolampy* (master of evil spirits) is called upon to give honor and blessing to the giver of the feast. The other is a bilo ceremony carried on in case of sickness.

When word is sent around that a certain person is to have the *bilo,* the whole country turns out, for that means plenty of meat and dancing. The giver of the feast sits on a mat in the middle of the circle. The women form in a long row and dance back and forth to the beating of drums and the clapping of hands. Now and then a man with a spear or a carved stick dances alone toward the women, all uttering cries and singing praises to the giver of the feast.

The head of the feast expects all of his relatives to be present and bring a present, an ox or some money. In front of him, as he sits on the mat, is a large bowl to receive the money. Other relatives bring oxen. In this way he receives help. After several days of dancing and carousing, many oxen are killed. This is the sign for the end of the feast and all return to their homes invoking the help of their ancestors upon the giver of the feast.

The bilo for the sick is a more elaborate religious ceremony and differs in many parts of the island. The main

feature at this time is the incessant dancing of the one possessed by the bilo spirit.

Circumcision

The ceremony of circumcision is the only way that a young boy may become a member of the tribe of spirit worshippers and be allowed to call upon them in prayer. Circumcision is the passport, so to speak, which permits him to be buried in the family grave and allows him to be exalted. If he is uncircumcised, his body is buried outside the family grave, just like an animal.

The most favorable time for this event is in the winter time, and again the ombiasa must be consulted as to the lucky day. Dancing and singing go on during the whole night preceding the feast. Several families will join together in order to cut down on the expenses. The boys to be circumcised are usually from four to eight years. The father or grandfather holds the boy during the performance.

At this ceremony, *Zanahary* the creator is not called upon in prayer. The ancestral spirits only are asked to be present and help with their blessing and sanction. The prayer offered is as follows:

"This which we now do, is not according to the arrangement of the Creator or commanded by the Creator, but only and alone by you, noble and divine ancestors.

"Therefore, today, when we bring this boy to you, do with him according to your decision and will, you must care for him, give him that which he has the right to ask for from now on: wives, children, cattle, rice fields, and all which he may need throughout life." [4]

After the rite, the boy is blessed by the oldest members of the family.

[4] Horne, *Nat og Daemring,* page 43.

AFRICAN INFLUENCE

Offerings and Sacrifices

Certain religious practices are undoubtedly the result of African influence. There is, for example, the thought of sacrifice, which is deeply imbedded in the hearts of the Malagasy. That the Christians will not partake in such a ceremony seems very remarkable to them. Their whole life is bound up by the thought that a sacrifice must be rendered to free them from some evil or to bring them some good.

The sacrifices may be of many kinds, according to the wealth of the one who is in charge, or the nature of the request to be made. It may be a bloody offering of some animal or just rice, bananas, or beans. They may be cooked or raw. Human sacrifices have also been reported among the Sakalava on the west coast as late as the close of the nineteenth century.

There are abundant occasions for offering and sacrifices to express joy or thanksgiving, and to avert sickness. Death is the greatest tyrant of all and requires the most costly and elaborate offering.

At times one may see a native offering to an animal, a stone, or a tree. One may get the impression that he is worshipping the object. But that is not in the mind of the native when he brings his sacrifice. It is the spirits dwelling in the object that he worships. Again we find them worshipping a certain clump of trees in the valley. They bring their bowls of honey or food and place them near the edge of the wood. The clump of trees is the abode of the spirits and so they offer to them.

Transmigration of Souls

The Tandroy and the Tanosy tribes believe that their ancestral spirits may enter into a snake, a bird, or some kind of animal. Sometimes a sacrifice will be made outside a cave or a hole where snakes are known to live.

These come out at the smell of blood, and eat some of the offering. Then the people say that their ancestors have partaken of their sacrifices.

Many stories are told which show how these animals become the abode of the spirit. A man was out fishing by a certain stream when he was seized by a large crocodile and dragged into the crocodile's den under the bank of the stream. The outlet to the den was under the water but the den was dry. Shortly after the man reached there, he regained consciousness and was thinking about the terrible prospects before him of being torn to pieces by the crocodile who would shortly return. Just then he heard the voice of a bird singing through the thin dirt wall above him. He knew by the bird's song that it was a certain bird with green feathers trimmed in gold and a long bill. He sat up, dug at the earth above him and in a few moments he was free in the bright sunlight. He believed that it was one of his relatives who had come in the likeness of a bird and had saved him. Since then that bird has been declared to be the dwelling of the tribe's spirit and is never harmed by them.[5]

Idol Worship

Great was the joy throughout Christendom in 1869, when word went forth that the Malagasy people had burned their national idols. During the year a great Kabary was held at Tananarive under Ranovalona II, the Christian Queen, and the Royal idols were ordered to be publicly burned. This was the signal for a general burning of the idols over the whole land or wherever the Hova government was in power, for all the subjects desired to be obedient to the reigning queen. The keepers of the royal gods, *Rakelimalaza* (little famous), *Ramahavaly* (one able to avenge), *Rafantaka* (the clever one), *Imanjakatsiroa* (there are not two sovereigns), were

[5] Horne, *Nat og Daemring,* pages 46-47.

Devil's Cave

thrown out. This act was a definite break with the past and of far-reaching importance for Christian missions in Madagascar.

The Malagasy idols were not necessarily images of people and animals as we see in the Oriental countries. The most famous of them, *Rakelimalaza,* was but a small bundle of bamboo pieces bound together with a silver band, inlaid with pearl and covered with very costly cloth. The whole was in turn covered with fats and perfumes. One might call them charms, but they were different in this respect that they were owned by a whole village or tribe in common while the charms were a personal piece of property. These idols have a house and an idol keeper, who was responsible for them, anointed them with fats on certain days, and placed new pieces of cloth on them at the more important festivals. Even the towns where they were kept were considered sacred so that no stranger was permitted to enter them.

One of the famous idols was the one acquired by Radama I in 1825, at Amboave. His soldiers were hard pressed while trying to subdue that region and were about to flee from the place when the leader of the soldiers heard that in the town there was a famous god who was fighting for the enemy, so that it was impossible for them to win the victory. The leader determined to acquire this idol. He sent one of his men into the town at night to steal the idol. The next morning when the inhabitants discovered that their idol was gone, they surrendered and the town was taken.

The idol, with a long account of its powers, was sent to Radama I. Later when Ranovalona I, "the bloody queen," ascended the throne, she took this idol and a certain idol-keeper from Manambaro, named Rafataka, to her palace and set it up as a royal god.

Ramahavaly was the queen's idol. After the death of Queen Ranavalona I, orders were given by the new

queen, Ranavalona II, that this famous idol should be burned. There was great consternation among its worshipers when the officers of the queen arrived and commanded the keepers of the idol to turn it over to them.

The Burning of the Royal Idol

The native account of the burning of the idol is very interesting: "The officers of the queen assembled the people and demanded of them and the idol-keepers, 'To whom does this idol belong? to you or to the sovereign?' The people dared not deny that the idol was the queen's. 'Then,' replied the officers, 'the queen says, "Because the idol is mine, I will destroy it, because it has deceived my people; for I believe in the one true and living God and in His Son, Jesus Christ."'

"The idol was kept in a wooden box placed on a high shelf in the northeast (the sacred) corner of the house, and when they were told to fetch it out, they all looked at each other, for they were afraid of the idol and would not fetch it. Then the officer said to me: 'Do you fetch it, Rainivelo,' and then they whispered to me: 'Take good care lest you fall from the ladder.' So I went up and brought down the idol and all its belongings. There were two large wooden boxes, and fifteen large and eleven smaller baskets, and nine honey boxes, all as full as possible of leaves and pieces of wood used as charms, some of which were fastened together with silver chains and coral beads.

"One of the wooden boxes contained red *lambas* and scarlet cloth; and in the other was the idol itself. This consisted of two pieces of wood about six inches long and three inches thick, fastened together. These had three coverings; one of dark blue cloth, one of native silk cloth, and one of scarlet cloth. They were anointed with castor oil and a kind of gum used as incense. And I must confess, that although I had the idol in my hands,

I still thought it something having life; while the idol-keepers and their tribe were lost in amazement seeing me pull it to pieces. Then they said, all speaking with confidence: 'If Rainivelo does not die suddenly, then there surely is what they call Jehovah to whom he prays'; for, while still holding it up, I spoke upon the nothingness of idols, and of the power of God and the mercy of Jesus Christ.

"And as I was about to burn it, an officer said to me: 'Take good care of your fire, for if it goes out, they will say, "Ramahavaly has put out the fire"'; so I put on some fat and firewood first, and when it was well kindled, I put on all the smaller articles and the leaves, and soon there was a fine blaze for the idol itself, for I took care that everything should be destroyed, so glad was I in burning them all.

"After Ramahavaly's burning, I visited twenty-one congregations in succession, preaching each Sunday about the destruction of the idols, especially this one, and about the power of Jesus Christ, taking principally as my text the words: 'Be not faithless but believing.' "[6]

The burning of the chief idols by the queen was a signal for a like destruction of those belonging to the great masses of her subjects in the central provinces. The people said, *"Lasan-ko setroka ny sampy."* (The idols have gone up into smoke.) Thousands of ignorant people, desirous of following the example of the queen, committed their idols to the flames and flocked to the churches. They eagerly asked to be baptized, and the missionaries at that time were hard pressed to take care of those who desired to be recognized as Christians.

Charms: (Ody)

The use of charms as well as the worship of idols was introduced into the religious life of the Malagasy from

[6] J. Sibree, *Fifty Years in Madagascar,* Pages 38-39.

Part of Tananarive, the former capital of the Hovas

the outside. The story is told that *Andrianimpoinimerina,* the first king who subjugated the country to his rule (1787-1810), discovered that his soldiers were often beaten by the fierce onslaughts of the Sakalavas. Try as hard as he might, this tribe withstood all of his endeavors. Then he discovered that the reason for their fearlessness was the fact that they carried charms or amulets with them into battle which protected them from the bullets.

The king was a resourceful man and set about to inspire his own men with a like confidence. He told them that he had a strong charm against spears and bullets. To prove his assertion, he had a man load a musket (without a bullet) and standing a few paces in front of him to discharge it directly at the king's head. After the musket was fired the king opened his mouth and picked out the bullet which he had previously concealed there. Then he announced to all his soldiers that he would give them the necessary *ody,* which consisted of pieces of wood, and a long list of instructions as to how it was to be worn, the things they were to abstain from doing in order that it might not lose its power. After that the king was astonished at the bravery of his men, and they soon conquered the Sakalavas.[7]

The Charm

Over our whole field we find a very strong faith in the power of charms. Every heathen, without exception, has either some amulet in his home or one which he wears. They may be worn about the neck, arms, legs and waist. They consist of small bits of wood, metal, bones, or horns of oxen, often single but sometimes joined together. Pieces of strong animals such as crocodiles and oxen are considered very powerful. Even the hair

[7] McMahon, *Christian Missions in Madagascar,* pages 56-57.

Collection of Malagasy Charms

and bones of old kings have been used as charms to show that the person wearing them has the power to rule.

The *ody,* as the Malagasy call it, may be made of an ox horn in which has been placed a conglomeration of mud, stones, sand, bones, and sticks of wood mixed in fat. On the outside of the horn are often woven beads and pieces of mother of pearl. Silver and other metals are also used to cover the horn and then the charm becomes very expensive.

Classes of Charms

The amulets may be divided into three classes. Into the first class may be placed the greater number: charms against all kinds of harm, such as sickness, drowning, wild animals, and also war. These are very expensive and may cost up to several large oxen.

In the second class are charms to bring luck and riches to the owner. They are made out of practically the same things as the first class, but they are more simple and not so costly. These *ody* are used for the purpose of obtaining more children, large rice fields, many oxen and wives, and success in law suits.

The charms in these two classes must be prepared with a special ceremony. We witnessed the consecration of a large collection of them at Behara. First the *ombiasa* placed the ox horns filled with the customary things in a row on the ground. Then the man who was to receive the charms cut the head off a chicken which the *ombiasa* held. The blood ran out of the chicken onto the charms while the *ombiasa* waved it over them and told them what they were to do. The blood of an ox would have made a much more powerful *ody.* It is only after the consecration ceremony that a charm has power.

The *ombiasa* must tell its new owner all the things which are taboo to this amulet, how it must be worn, and how he must provide for it. If the owner does not ob-

serve all these practices, the charm is powerless. It often happens that after paying several oxen for an *ody,* the owner finds that it does not accomplish that for which it was bought. He goes to the *ombiasa* and tells him about his trouble. But the *ombiasa* has an easy way out of it. He declares that the purchaser has not observed all of the things which are taboo to the charm or some of those in his household have not done so. The only thing to do then is to buy a more powerful charm to replace the one on hand.

The third class of amulets are those used to bring harm, destruction, sickness, and death upon people. The *mpamosavy,* or sorcerers, use these charms although they can be purchased by others as well. They are made of dead men's bones, teeth, and pieces of a like nature. These *ody* are consecrated on top of the graves only, especially at night.

The Power of the Charm

The influence of charms over the lives of the Malagasy people is enormous, for they assign supernatural powers to them. They cannot understand their mysteries and therefore accept them with blind assurance and fear. Amulets hold the native in a bondage which is hard to break. One mission worker who fell back into idolatry said that it affected him like alcohol in strong drink. It was almost impossible for him to withstand it. During the revolution of 1904 against the French government, a missionary told of finding large collections of charms against bullets around the necks of the natives who had fallen. They had faced the machine guns of the French troops bravely, thinking that their *ody* would overcome the power of the steel-jacketed bullets.

The word *ody* is also used to designate medicine. That is called *fanafody.* Often the person who comes to the

mission station for medicine has the same thought in his mind as he would have coming to visit the *ombiasa.* He wishes to try the charm *medicine* of the missionary and see what it can do.

Nature Worship

Queen Ranavalona I commanded that all of her subjects should "pray to the sun and the moon, the earth and the heavens and to the twelve holy mountains." In this command we see an old form of nature worship. The Betsileo tribe has a ceremony called *havozo.* The people drink water in which a plant has been steeped, using as spoon the blade of an axe, and calling upon the thunder and hail clouds as if they were living beings, beseeching them to vanish. This is all done without the name of the fathers or God being mentioned. Often when lightning strikes close by, the people will hold up their hands and cry out, *Maleme, maleme* (be soft, be soft).[8]

Rice is worshiped in some places and has been given the name of god. Special stones, caves, and rocks are worshipped, not as abodes of the spirits, but as places from which power goes forth. Often the cry, "Earth, earth, you have taken from me that which I cannot get along without, take me too," is heard at a heathen funeral as an expression of sorrow and of fear of the earth. Rum is poured out upon the ground and at the same time the earth is asked to yield much fruit. We have already noted that the earth is addressed in several prominent ceremonies.

ARABIAN INFLUENCE

Divination and Destiny

The next strata of religious beliefs show a direct Arab influence. The word for divination is *sikidy* (Arab *sichr*) and that for destiny or fate is *vintana* (Arab

[8] *Det Nye Madagaskar,* page 43.

evinat). The destiny or *vintana* of a person depends on what day he was born, or rather on what constellation of the Zodiac. This and the names of the lucky and unlucky days are Arabic. The diviner is the witch doctor who pretends that there is nothing he can not find out by means of his divination chart.

There is no custom which is so persistent as this working of the oracle, even in the most enlightened parts of the island. The Malagasy is more or less a fatalist and divination and destiny find fertile ground in his thoughts and will not be rooted out for a long time. The worship of idols and ancestor worship lost ground before civilization, but not so the practice of divination. It was rather given a greater prominence in the new order of things.

Divination

To divine or to work the *sikidy* requires considerable knowledge and skill on the part of the *ombiasa,* or witch doctor. He acquires ability in this work only after a long time of practice under an older person of the same profession, or in some parts of the island, he attends a school of divination. By the help of a handful of seeds, the *ombiasa* can tell you anything you wish to know. He can tell what fate has in store for you, and also find out how to meet it. The time to plant the rice, when to make a journey, the location of some oxen that have strayed from the herd, the time to build a house, and a whole list of things which one cannot figure out by ordinary means, are a few things he can discover. The *ombiasa* is, therefore, a very important person in any community.

We watched two witch doctors divining one day near Behara. The apparatus they used was very simple. Before them there was a heap of *fano* seeds, about one-half of an inch in length. While they were divining, the

seeds were arranged in four columns. In each column there were four squares, each square containing one or two seeds depending upon how chance placed them. This made sixteen squares in all. From the original four columns, depending upon what they are trying to divine, they form one or two more sets of four columns. Each column has a name, whether taken perpendicularly, horizontally or diagonally.

Let us suppose that a man comes to the witch doctor and with great sorrow tells him that his son is sick. "Will the great *ombiasa* restore my son to health?"

"Oh, yes," he replies, "I shall work the *sikidy* and find out what is causing the sickness."

Taking a handful of *fano* seeds, the *ombiasa* shakes them, drops them on the mat, picks them up again, blows into his hands, rolls them on the mat and after many curious motions and chants, he drops them for the last time, addressing them with these words:

"Andriamanitra rules in the heavens,
You rule on the earth,
You have a mouth to speak,
You have ears that can listen,
Awake and tell us the truth."

After this invocation, he picks up a smaller handful of seeds and divides them into pairs. If one seed is left over it is placed as number one in the first column. Repeating this operation the second time, perhaps two seeds remain. They become number two in the first column. He repeats this until the sixteen squares are filled.

The *ombiasa* is now ready to read the *sikidy*. He carefully studies the arrangement of the seeds and then pronounces his judgment. He says, "Your son will soon be well. You have not honored your departed grandfather rightly. Bring a brown spotted ox with a white face to his grave and kill it. Besides that I have a charm here which

if hung over his head will cure your son. But it is very expensive, yes, very expensive. It will cost a black ox to buy it." And so the terror stricken father hurriedly brings an ox to the *ombiasa* and receives a dirty ox horn filled with fats, mud, pieces of metal, and bound about with filthy rags. If this charm does not help, a more powerful one must be bought and other oxen killed. If the boy finally dies—well, the *ombiasa* finds that he has a very pressing engagement in another place and hurries away by night.

Two former *ombiasa,* Elia of Ambovombe and Josepha of Bekitro are faithful evangelists in our mission. One day while visiting with Josepha, we asked him why he decided to become an *ombiasa.* He replied, "The working of the *sikidy* was interesting and fascinating. Many people came to me for help and I became very popular. I knew that it was all humbug, but I did not like to stop, for I made much money and an easy living."

Vintana (Fate)

The practice of *vintana* is based upon astrology, which teaches that the stars have an evil or a good influence on a person's life. The foundation of this astrology is the series of stellar constellations called the animal groups, or signs of the zodiac, as are printed in the almanacs. This series contains twelve signs, such as the lion, the crab, the ram, the scorpion, and others, corresponding to the twelve months of the year and forms a circle in the sky which lies in the paths of the sun, the moon, and the planets. The Arabian names of these animal signs have become the names of the months and form the outline of the Malagasy astrology.

The *ombiasa* is often illiterate, unable to read and write, and so he forms his almanac this way: Using his own house as a chart, the names of the months are arranged on the interior of the walls in the order of the

stellar signs, beginning with the ram and ending with the fishes. They commence in the *Sacred* northeast corner and continue toward the right. *Alahamady* (the ram) is placed first and is the first month of the year; *Adaoro* (the bull) on the eastern wall next to the sacred corner; *Adizaoa* (the twins) on the same wall farther to the right; *Asorotany* (the crab) in the southeast corner; *Alahazaty* (the lion) and *Asombola* (the virgin) on the southern wall; *Adimizana* (the balances) in the southwestern corner; *Alakarabo* (the scorpion) and *Alakaosy* (the hunter) on the western wall; *Adijody* (the stone buck) in the northwest corner; *Adalo* (the water-carrier) and *Alohotsy* (the fishes) on the north wall. Thus the whole calendar is placed, one month in each corner and two on each wall.[9]

The days of the months are also named from the Arabic, the same as the months. There are only 28 days in each month, the left over days being added to each month's *vintana* and are evil days. Two months are especially evil, the fourth and the ninth.

Being born in a bad month or on an evil day is not the only manner in which the *vintana* becomes evil. There may also be "strife between the fates." A father and a son may be born in opposition, one to the other, and the father's life will be thus endangered by that of his son. This situation must be changed in some way or the son will have to forfeit his life.

The Destruction of Children

As soon as a child is born, the *ombiasa* is called to the home to discover the baby's fate. He brings his divination chart and asks a large number of questions about the little one's appearance, the circumstances of the birth, and the position of the sun or moon at that time. The months *Alakaosy* and *Asorotany* are considered most un-

[9] Sibree, *Madagascar Before the Conquest,* pages 280-281.

lucky for the birth of children. With great solemnity, he proceeds to disclose the fate of the child. If it is born on an unlucky day, the reply will be: "This child will bring misfortune and death on itself, on its parents, and over the whole family, if it be permitted to live. It must be killed very soon."

When the family learns that the child must die, they again turn to the *ombiasa* and ask him to tell them how the child is to be destroyed. The divination chart also discloses this information—to place the child on top of an ant hill, to hide it in the forest so that it starves to death, or to place it in the cattle corral to be trampled to death under the feet of the oxen.

All evil days are not equally bad, however, and in many cases the *ombiasa* is able and willing to avert the danger—if he is paid very well. He consults the spirits and asks them to change the statement of the time of the child's birth. This they are willing to do if a nice offering is given to them. So if the baby was born in the morning, he declares it was born before midnight, and if it was born in the evening, he asserts that it was born after midnight or the next day.

The change of the day and hour is not sufficient. The baby must receive a new name, if it has one already, or if it has not already received one, it is given a horrible name so that the evil spirits may not suspect who the little one may be.

One of our finest evangelists, who was greatly blessed by God in his work, was unfortunate enough to be born on an unlucky day. His name was Josepha Randriantsihena. The missionary at Fort Dauphin told the story of how he found Josepha. "Early one morning, one of our Christians came rushing to the station house at Fort Dauphin with something wrapped up in a piece of cloth. 'See what I have just found lying in the cattle corral,' he said, as he opened up the cloth before the astonished

eyes of the missionary so that he could see the little dirty being, which, upon closer inspection, turned out to be a new-born boy.

"During the night the baby had been thrown out into the cattle corral so the feet of the many oxen should break and crush him in the deep mud. The next morning this Christian was walking by after the cattle had been let out of the pen and saw something lying in the mud and moving. It was a miracle that there was still life left in the poor little creature. The back of his head was bloody and without skin and a long wound over his face showed where the little head came very near being crushed under the feet of the cattle."

Loving hands took the little boy and nursed his wounds. He was later baptized and given the name Joseph. When he had grown older, he attended the mission school at Fort Dauphin. Growing to manhood, he too caught a glimpse of the power of God and he became a worker. At Tsianoriahana where he labored as an evangelist, the people loved him and Elizabeth, his faithful wife. Their home radiated the positive Christian influence of their lives. Now Josepha is attending our Theological Seminary at Ivory and will soon be ordained into the Holy Ministry.

Rev. Peter C. Halvorson relates that once, out of curiosity, he entered a quiet grove of trees near one of his outstations. He thought this clump of trees had all the outward appearances of a secret burial ground, but he was not certain. Upon entering it, he found a hundred little children's graves, three of which were fresh mounds, all victims of the heathen practice. The evangelist, who lived near the grove, had not noticed this graveyard, the burial of these children had been so silently carried out.

The French government has strictly forbidden the destruction of children under threat of a strong penalty.

The open practice has thus abated somewhat. But the heathen beliefs persist and the vicious system continues in secret. If a child cannot be openly thrown into a cattle pen or left to die in the woods, it can be starved or injured so that it dies. We asked about a certain little Malagasy child which was lately born and we were told that it had fallen from a shelf and had died. Upon further inquiry, we learned that the child had been born on an "unlucky day."

The missionaries do all in their power to save the children and to show the relatives the evil and deception of the practice. Our women missionaries have always one or two of these unfortunate children whom they are taking care of directly or indirectly, sometimes keeping them in their own homes.

The Mpamosavy

Before leaving the subject of divination, we must make mention of still another class of sorcerers called *mpamosavy* or *evil ombiasa.* Their whole work is to do evil. They work secretly, especially in the night time. The people fear them above all else. The *mpamosavy* claim that the *rabodisy* or evil spirits and the god of the dead are their helpers. They learn their craft from the dead whom they meet on the graves.

At night time they walk out to the cemeteries. There they dance and chant without a stitch of clothing on, their bodies covered with oil. They often carry a black cat or an owl with them. After midnight, while people are soundly asleep, they come and knock at the door of a person's hut and cry *matesa, matesa* (die, die). The idea is to frighten the dwellers and cause them to give them an offering. They even leave charms under the houses, and that causes great consternation.[10] If an owl comes to the house at night, it is sent there by the *mpamo-*

[10] Horne, *Nat og Daemring,* page 66.

savy and means death. While walking through the native village of Fort Dauphin one dark night, we heard the screech of an owl overhead. There was a great cry from the people who lived in the house where the bird was circling, and they came outside with pans to drive the owl away.

If the *mpamosavy,* whether man or woman, is caught, he is instantly killed without mercy, so great is the hatred of the people towards these evil-doers. He is then thrown into a secret place or cave, but never buried in a family grave.

OTHER RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

Brotherhood by Blood

Over the whole island, the custom of brotherhood by blood is found. This is called *fati-dra,* i. e., "bound by blood." The purpose of the covenant is to make the two persons who enter into the brotherhood devoted to each other and willing to sacrifice even life itself for the other's benefit.

Rev. Erik H. Tou, while a missionary at Manasoa, was once in great danger of his life because he refused to enter into a blood covenant with a heathen king named Tsilivany. The king ordered him to go through the rites with him. To refuse the command meant death, but Mr. Tou chose death rather than to commit this idolatrous and sinful practice. The Lord was with him and delivered him by the hand of another king named Resonga who was visiting with Tsilivany. Shortly before this summons was given to Mr. Tou, these two kings had united in a blood covenant, so that the king could not refuse Resonga's petition.

The two parties who plan to enter into a blood covenant must first gather "seven roots of grass, and a grasshopper with its neck twisted, dung from a calf whose

Brotherhood by Blood Covenant

mother is dead (or lost), water from a spring drying up, an old bone, and a single gun; and these are placed in a rice winnower, together with a spear without a foot and set in one side."[11] After this a chicken is killed, and cut into two equal parts. Taking a knife, each cuts an incision in his own breast so that blood flows out of it.

The prayer offered on this occasion is one of the strongest ever offered by the Malagasy at any ceremony. "Hear, O *Zanahary,* and thou four corners of the earth, and thou Lord of the blood covenant, listen to the purpose for which we have gathered all these things in the bowl. Look at these two men (the names of the two contracting parties are given) who will now enter into an eternal blood covenant with each other."

After naming all the things which have been placed in the bowl before them, they take a piece of the liver of the chicken, dip it into the blood which has flowed from the other fellow's breast, and eat the blood-soaked liver. This exchange of blood is the central idea in the blood brother covenant, for this act makes them brothers of one blood. Now the strongest maledictions and curses are called down upon the head of the party who breaks this covenant. "May he who breaks this covenant suffer the loss of his soul. When he bows down, may the earth swallow him. If he stands up, let the heavens burst over him. May he find no rest in all eternity." If a man breaks the promise which he makes at this time, no amount of offering will suffice to remove the guilt.

Tangena Poison Ordeal

Serious quarrels and criminal cases were formerly settled by administering the tangena poison. The nut of a tree (Tanghinia venenifera) which produces an egg-shaped fruit, is used for this purpose. The kernel of this nut, when mixed with the juice of a banana, makes a

[11] Sibree, *Madagascar, the Great African Island,* page 225.

most violent poison. The people believed that a certain spirit able to detect crime lived in this mixture. It was given to a person suspected or accused of a crime. If he was innocent, it was believed he would eject the poison along with certain pieces of a fowl previously swallowed. Should he die, as it happened in most cases, he was declared guilty.

Whether a person would die or not, sometimes depended on the size of the bribe given the one who mixed the poison. The faith in this trial was so great that persons who were innocent would ask to be given the poison ordeal in order to prove their innocence, and they died miserably. The kings used this ordeal to eliminate their political enemies. Though the ordeal was abolished in 1863, it continued to be practised in the outlying districts for a long time.

Another ordeal similar to this was the crocodile trial. A crocodile-infested stream was used to discover the guilty person when a crime was committed. The person accused was compelled to swim across the stream. If he arrived safely on the opposite bank without being captured by the crocodiles, he was innocent. If not, he was guilty and received his punishment in the jaws of the crocodiles. Near our Manafiafy station, a wide stream which is full of these ravenous monsters, was formerly the place of the crocodile trial for the district. No wonder the *helo* (devil) lived in the high rocky ledge near by.

Taboo (Fady)

Any feeling that man has sinned against God and is therefore guilty of punishment in the life to come does not enter into the mind of the Malagasy. There is no word for conscience in his language. The expression which most closely resembles it is *fieritreretana* (to meditate). The thought of sin is bound up in the system of

tabooed or forbidden things (*fady*). To sin is to trespass the laws given by the witch doctor in regard to some charm or to break the rules used during the various ceremonies and offerings.

One Sunday morning a group of men brought rice to us for sale. We told them we could not buy the rice because it was "God's day." "Yes, that is true," said the leader, understandingly, "we have heard that Sunday is the white man's *fady* day. You have your *fady* days and we Malagasy have ours. So we will come again tomorrow."

Malagasy *taboo* is a large subject and touches the life of the people at every point. Villages have their tabooed things, the clan another group, and the individual something else. The *fady* for a charm may be that its owner cannot eat onions, chicken, and pork. Should he eat these, the charm will lose its power. For the Tandroy it is *fady* to eat turtles, while the Tanosy may eat them. To the Sakalava, sheep are *fady*. The beautiful passage, "Behold the Lamb of God" caused great offense to the heathen Sakalava when the missionaries first brought the Gospel message to them. At the mention of the word "lamb" they were horrified and ran away.

CHAPTER IV

The Coming of the Missionaries

AWAY back in 1816 a pious Welsh seminary professor became engrossed in reading about the heathenism and sufferings of the natives on the island of Madagascar. At night he dreamed that a Malagasy stood on the shore of his island, beckoning to him and crying: "Come over to Madagascar and help us."

Hindered from going himself to that distant land, he interpreted to his young seminary students the superstition and ignorance of the Malagasy, and the cruelties of the slave trade, and he told them of his dream.

"Who will go as a missionary to Madagascar?" he said.

"I will go," cried David Jones, a tall and pale, but wiry Welshman.

"And I will go, too," exclaimed Thomas Bevan, his friend.

It was in February, 1818, that these two young men and their wives sailed from England in the "Swallow."

They had to stop a short while at Mauritius, an island to the east of Madagascar, in order to arrange for further passage.

They met with many discouragements. "Teach the Malagasy?" cried the traders, "You may as well try to teach the monkeys in the Madagascar forests."

"No white man can live there, for the climate is far too unwholesome, and your lives would be thrown away, for the natives are cruel and degraded," said an administrator of Bourbon, showing official reports and statistics. But no document could revoke the Divine commission under which David Jones and Thomas Bevan

had pledged their lives to Madagascar. They were not discouraged, for they knew the Master had called them.

Their first efforts were made at Tamatave, where they landed on August 8, 1818, the first missionaries to Madagascar. We do not consider the attempts of the Catholics to win the Malagasy for their church early in the sixteenth century a factor in spreading the Gospel of Christ.

On September 8, David Jones opened a small school at Tamatave, and was happy to find that the Malagasy children were both willing and able to learn. "I do not think the monkeys in the forest could learn at this rate," he said, and was happy at prospects of success.

The newcomers found, however, that the climate was as full of danger as depicted, and that the cruelty, not especially of the natives but of white traders who feared that the missionaries would interfere with their horrible slave trade, was all that it was described to be. Mrs. Jones and her infant daughter died; then Bevan, his wife, and baby daughter also. David Jones was thus the sole survivor of a party of six. It was the middle of the very unwholesome, wet season, and he was suffering from malaria, the tropical fever which had laid his family and friends in the grave. From the traders he received only insult, ridicule, and cruelty. But he was not defeated; he determined to hold on.

The English governor of Mauritius, Farquhar, was determined to put an end to the slave trade of Madagascar. So he decided to send Mr. Hastie to King Radama of Madagascar to negotiate an "anti-slavery" treaty. David Jones was happy to be able to travel together with the British agent. He decided to abandon the work at Tamatave for the present and to proceed to Tananarive, the capital.

The two ministers, one for freedom from bondage, one for the freedom of the soul from the fears of su-

David Jones

perstition, traveled together up the steep and perilous road from Tamatave to Tananarive. After about five days they reached the crest of a hill, of which Hastie gave David Jones the following pathetic information:

"This is known as the Weeping Place of the Hovas, because at this point successive gangs of slaves coming from the central province of Madagascar get their first view of the sea. As they think of the home they are leaving forever, they fall down here and give vent to their grief by bitter cries and floods of tears."

The journey led on and on, and up and up. For the first part of the journey canoes were used, but farther inland on the high steppes leading to the central city, the palanquin carried by natives was the only mode of travel possible.

At last they reached Tananarive. King Radama welcomed them very cordially. Hastie presented him with some fine horses from the English government, and also a map of Madagascar from Governor Farquhar. The king was much pleased.

For many days the king and Mr. Hastie conferred together about the anti-slavery treaty. The Madagascar government received large revenues from the slave traffic; cities grew up and prospered under the trade in human flesh. Influential leaders and counsellors of the government objected to the treaty. But the chief ambition of Radama for his people was that they should secure the blessings of education, industry, and prosperity, and it was for these promised benefits that he finally signed the treaty. The king requested that the English agree to take twenty Malagasy to be educated, ten to Mauritius and ten to England. Mr. Hastie agreed, the treaty was signed, the cannon boomed, and the king's heralds announced the decision. Scenes of wild joy took place in the streets. The people danced in ecstasy at the prospect of not being sold into slavery for life, or of

having their children torn away from them to be sold across the sea. Slavery had been banished forever.

The days of negotiating the treaty were long ones to Jones. Permission to remain as a missionary in Madagascar depended on the outcome of the conferences. He waited, hoped, and prayed that the Lord would hasten a favorable decision. At last it came. The door was wide open for the Gospel message!

Jones described Radama at this time as a man of about thirty, very kind and affable, and of superior intelligence. But to the end of his days he seemed indifferent to the Christian religion. Some years later when the missionary read to him the story of the Crucifixion of Christ, Radama inquired: "What does crucifixion mean?" When it was explained to him, he exclaimed: "That gives me an idea. That is how I shall punish trespassers." And he called his carpenters to prepare crosses. But the king coveted the educational advantages to be secured through the establishment of missionary work in the capital. So he wrote to the London Missionary Society, giving formal permission for missionaries to settle in Madagascar and promising them his support. He requested that artizans as well as missionaries be sent.

On the 13th of December, 1820, David Jones opened the first school in Tananarive. Radama set aside a large house for it. He sent his own child and the children of the court. The king also was the "school inspector." He visited the school often to find how much the pupils progressed, and he was very happy to hear them sing.

There were no text books, but Jones used what Malagasy he had acquired, and supplemented that with English. The "slates" were pieces of flat wood, smeared with grease and dusted with ashes, and letters or figures were written on them with wooden stiles.

In May, 1821, David Griffiths reached Tananarive. He had volunteered to be a missionary in the place of

Thomas Bevan. He opened a second school in the capital, and it was soon filled.

David Jones then left for a short sojourn in Mauritius. The malaria fever had greatly weakened him, and the work he had done single-handed had often been done despite bodily weakness. In Mauritius he married a talented woman who proved a great help to him in his work. Traveling with David and Mary Jones were the wife and child of David Griffiths. The arrival of the two white women, and especially of the white baby, caused a great sensation at Tananarive. It was the first time that the natives had seen such a marvel.

The language had not yet been reduced to writing, and so the first step necessary was to produce an alphabet. Arab traders had in the past tried to persuade the king to use the Arabic characters. However, when Jones consulted Radama on the matter, he decided on the Roman alphabet, a great advantage to the missionaries. For thus the Mohammedan influence was weakened in Madagascar for all time. The Cross had triumphed over the Crescent.

As the alphabet was being formed, the king took an active part. The missionary pronounced each letter of the English alphabet. Radama listened carefully.

"Why do we want 's' as well as 'c'?" he asked.

"Because sometimes 'c' has a hard sound like a 'k'."

"Then we don't want the 'c'," said the king, "as we shall use the 'k' for the hard sound, and 's' for the soft."

In the end there were only twenty-one letters that survived Radama's standard of "one letter for each sound." Only one exception was allowed, the "y" was to be used in place of "i" in final syllables. The alphabet then fixed has been in use in Madagascar ever since, without any serious revision being necessary.[1]

For two years Jones and Griffiths labored to compile a

[1] Hayes, E. H., *David Jones,* pages 70-71.

As the First Page of the Malagasy Bible Came off the Press

Grammar. Then, the language being committed to writing, the translating of the Bible into Malagasy began. Jones and Griffiths worked incessantly for two years before the New Testament was ready. It is thus to these two pioneers that all credit is due for first placing in the hands of the Malagasy the words of eternal life.

In 1826 another party of missionaries arrived, bringing with them the first printing press for Madagascar. Among these were David Johns, an ordained missionary; James Cameron, a carpenter and builder; John Cummins, a practical spinner; and Charles Havenden, a printer, who died shortly after his arrival.

Writing books by hand went on, but before a year had passed, Jones' patience ran out. "I'll turn printer myself," he said. With the aid of a small book on printing, he set up the press. Griffiths and Cameron assisted. Their wives came in to lend a hand.

The first twenty-three verses of Genesis were put together in type, wedged in the iron frame, rubbed with ink, and printed. "Most of it could be read, but it was a perfect blur," said David Jones as he viewed the first sheet. This was a great day in the Mission, December 4, 1827.

In order to create as large a public as possible to read the books being translated, new schools were opened as quickly as native teachers could be trained to work in them. In 1826 there were nearly thirty schools and over two thousand pupils. On Sundays the schools were filled by adults who listened to the Gospel preached by the missionaries who had learned to speak Malagasy fluently.

King Radama was a peculiar tool in the Lord's hands. He himself remained non-Christian; yet he was not entirely uninfluenced by the Gospel, for he often showed that he lacked faith in the old ancestral worship. He played a large part in the Lord's program for Mada-

gascar. He abolished the slave trade; he united the rule of the Hova over a large part of the island. It was, indeed, important for the future of the Mission that the country be united under one rule, although fearful destruction often accompanied the king's efforts to unite it. The importance of the introduction of the written language was greater than can be estimated. But now his work was completed. As the year 1829 advanced, he became more and more ill. At the end of July he died, or "turned his back," as the Malagasy express it.

Trouble Begins

Queen Ranavalona was crowned on August 3, 1829. Her accession came as a total surprise to the missionaries, for they knew that Radama had regarded his nephew as his successor to the throne. The missionaries learned later that Ranavalona had secured the throne through vile intrigue, and that she had cruelly put to death all possible rivals for the position.

The new monarch boded ill-fortune to the mission. On the day of her coronation, in the presence of thousands of people, she took two of the national idols in her hands and addressed them thus: "I have received you from my ancestors; I put my trust in you; therefore support me."

At first the queen maintained an outward appearance of friendliness to the mission, for she wished that her people might learn as many trades from them as possible.

One day David Jones received an order from the queen to gather the missionaries, for she had an important message for them. The next morning the missionaries gathered. They feared the nature of Ranavalona's communication, and the time of waiting was spent in prayer.

An armed escort brought the suspense to an end. These were the words: "The queen wishes to thank you for the good that you have done in her country. You

have given her people much valuable learning. But the queen now wishes to know whether there is anything else that you can teach her people, as otherwise it is her command that you leave the country."

Jones replied: "Tell the queen that we have only just begun to teach the people. There are still many things of which the Malagasy are ignorant."

After some time the royal messenger returned. "The queen would like to know whether you can teach her people something useful, such as the making of soap from materials in this country."

The whole work of the mission depended on a favorable reply. "Let them return in a week, and we will have an answer for her Majesty," they finally replied.

There followed a week of much anxiety. Fat was easily secured, but where find potash and soda? It was James Cameron who was the "handy man" and who took the lead. The whole mission searched for different kinds of wood and stems of plants that might turn out the right kind of wood ash.

At the end of the week when the queen's messenger came for the reply, he was greatly astonished at being handed two bars of good soap made entirely from the products of Madagascar. The queen was so delighted that she had Cameron build a large soap factory and teach young Malagasy how to make soap.

So for the time the work of the Mission was safe. But the missionaries knew that their time on the island might be very short. While the artizans built factories and trained the natives in industries, the others worked even harder in order to finish the translating and printing of the whole Bible. If they were banished, they hoped, at least, to be able to leave the complete Word of God in possession of the Malagasy.

One bright Sunday morning, May 29, 1831, eleven years after Jones' coming to Tananarive, twenty of the

first converts to Christ in Madagascar were baptized, the first fruits of Christ's harvest on the island. The following Sunday eight additional Malagasy by receiving Baptism, renounced paganism and avowed themselves disciples of Jesus Christ. The baptized then partook of the Lord's Supper.

Ranavalona I

On June 12th of the same year, the first Malagasy Christian Church was organized at Tananarive. The spiritual progress, however, went on side by side with increasing hostility on the part of the queen. She forbade all officers or soldiers to receive Baptism or to join the Christian Church. Soldiers already enrolled must refrain from taking part in the Christian service. At

the end of 1831 no native was allowed to profess Christ under any circumstances! But there was a growing tendency among the people to throw away their charms, to destroy their idols, and to accept Christ. This made the queen very angry.

But John Cameron had by this time completed the erection of a paper mill, and in these shops seven hundred Malagasy were being trained. In consideration of this, the government permitted the missionaries to remain on the island for the time, until the opening of 1835.

Then the enemies of the new religion sent six complaints against the Christians to the queen:

1. "They despise the idols of the land.
2. They are always praying and holding meetings in their own houses for worship.
3. They will not swear in accordance with the customs of the country.
4. Their women are chaste.
5. They are all of one mind respecting their religion.
6. They observe the Sabbath as a sacred day." [2]

These "charges," what eloquent testimony to their faith and witness!

All Missionaries Banished

In June, 1835, four missionaries, Freeman, Cameron, Chick, and Griffiths and their families were banished from the country. Shortly before their departure the first complete Malagasy Bible came off the press. Some had translated, others printed, and the women had stitched and bound the precious pages.

Baker and Johns were permitted to continue printing. Over seventy complete Bibles had been finished and distributed secretly among the Malagasy Christians. The British and Foreign Bible Society had also previously

[2] Hayes, *David Jones,* page 103.

sent out five thousand copies of the Psalms in Malagasy. In 1836 Baker and Johns also had to leave.

The Martyr Period

The queen began a very severe persecution of the Christians. These were thus scattered far and wide. Many confessed that they were "worshippers" and promised to return to heathendom. But it must be said that a large majority of them refused to deny their Savior. They would not give up reading the Word of God and prayer. When the night was dark, small groups gathered stealthily in secluded villages, in the heart of the forests, in caves, even at the bottom of rice pits. Sometimes they met on a high hill so the queen's spies could be seen at a distance, and they would have time to escape. By the light of a lantern, carefully screened from view, they read the Scriptures together. When there was a storm of wind or rain they dared to sing a hymn.

The First Martyr

At first the punishment inflicted upon the Christians consisted of heavy fines, or slavery. Over one hundred had thus suffered. But the queen found that slavery did not suffice, and so she decided to make an example of torture in order to terrorize the people. Rasalama, a woman of fine Christian character, about thirty-seven years of age, was arrested and threatened with death unless she renounced Christ. But she replied:

"The gods of our ancestors are no gods at all. I will not worship them, nor will I give up the worship of Jehovah."

They flogged her every day for a week, but she remained obdurate and the queen ordered her to be put to death. She was imprisoned in one of the churches which had been turned into a prison. Her head, elbows, and knees were pressed together by irons so she had great

difficulty in breathing. The cramped position caused terrible suffering.

In the morning she was brought to the summit of Ambohipotsy, the southern suburb of Tananarive. As she passed the other of the city's two churches, she exclaimed: "It was there I first heard the words of my Savior!"

She sang as she was carried along:

"I see the good way and I proceed on it,
I have found salvation, and hold it fast,
Help me, Holy Spirit!
Blessed am I, Jesus, for Thou art my Lord,
Happy am I, Savior, for Thou has loosed me from sin.
I am astonished at Thy redemption!
Only love Thou givest me,
But only sin I give in return,
Forgive me this my guilt!"

After the singing she begged permission to kneel in prayer, and while she was still praying, she was pierced by the executioner's spear and her soul passed on to her Savior on August 14, 1837. The Malagasy church had been baptized with the blood of her first martyr. Her noble death struck admiration even in the executioner's heart, and the Christians were strengthened.

A little girl stood among the people who had gathered to see the execution. She heard the song of Rasalama, and wide-eyed she saw her die with prayer on her lips. The little girl was called Ramona.

David Jones Returns

David Jones found it impossible to leave the Malagasy Christians. In 1838 and again in 1840 he visited the island for the purpose of helping them. His efforts were fruitless and he reported the greatest misery there. In 1841 the veteran missionary succumbed to the malaria fever. He passed on to be with the Lord he served so well.

Neither could David Johns be persuaded to refrain from returning to Madagascar. The last two years of his life he spent trying in vain to establish a mission among the Sakalava at Nossi-be. When he was urged to give up the attempt, because the malaria was making its ravages on him, he replied: "If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all for Madagascar."

Ramanisa

At this time a very devoted Christian named Ramanisa, together with eight companions, were discovered by the queen's spies to be *praying*. They were threatened with the *poison trial*. They fled and joined other Christians who had been in hiding for two years.

At this time David Griffiths lived in Tananarive, in the capacity of a trader, but in reality to help the Christians. The only hope for these hunted Christians lay in flight. Sixteen Christians left their places of concealment and, under the direction of two guides chosen by their friends, commenced their journey to Tamatave. But one of the guides betrayed them, and they were captured and brought back to the Capital for trial. Ten were condemned to die, the others to loss of property or slavery for life. One of the ten, a woman, managed to escape.

The nine were so weak from hunger and abuse that they had to be carried to the place of execution. The queen ordered that they be carried by Griffiths' house, to mock the man she knew had assisted them to flee. But only Ramanisa looked up and recognized Griffiths. All appeared to be engaged in prayer. "A hallowed serenity, almost of hopeful joy, irradiated the countenances of some. One young woman spoke to the soldiers and executions of the blessedness of trust and hope in Christ."

At Ambohizanahary (village of God), a rugged hill, the nine martyrs joined in a beautiful hymn, a prayer, and

in that attitude they fell beneath the spears of the executioneers.

Death by Fire

At one time eighteen Christians were condemned to death. Among these were four nobles who were sentenced to be burned alive at Faravohitra, at the northern end of the city. Soldiers carried them up the hill. As they neared the top of the hill they sang:

Ary misy tany soa,
Mahafinaritra indrindra.
(There is a beauteous land,
Making most blessed.)

They sang until they reached a large pile of firewood. They were fastened to stakes a little above the wood. When the flames were rising, they prayed and they praised the Lord. One was heard to utter: "Lord Jesus, receive our spirits, lay not this sin to their charge." And one exclaimed: "His name, His praise, shall endure forever and ever."

The falling rain extinguished the fire, but it was rekindled. To one woman, a child was born while she was in the fire. The executioners threw the child into the flames to the mother.

While the sufferers were enduring and praying, a large and triple rainbow, the sign of God's faithfulness, stretched across the sky, one end resting upon the spot where the spirits of the martyrs were departing. Some of the crowd fled in terror, but one who remained to the end told that "they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, astonished were all the people that beheld their going forth."

The Precipice

The fourteen remaining were inferior in rank to the four nobles burned. They were sentenced to be hurled

from the edge of Ampamarinana, a rock to the west of the palace, and their wives and children to be sold into irredeemable slavery.

They were led to the top of the lofty precipice. Their arms were pinioned, and their ankles were bound. Then they were again questioned if they would not cease to pray. All refused to comply. So they were sent over the precipice, either pushed, or laid down and rolled over the edge, "whence they fell fifty or sixty feet, when, striking a projecting ledge, they bounded off and fell amongst jagged and broken fragments of granite lying at the base of the precipice, one hundred and fifty feet below the edge from which they had been hurled."

One of those hurled over the rock was caught in a cactus bush, far over the edge, and remained thus suspended between heaven and earth, with hundreds of long thorns in his body. The executioners cried in confusion for it was a serious offense not to fulfill the queen's orders. So Rainiasivola, the sufferer, called to them: "Do not be afraid, I shall twist myself about so that I am loosened," which he did.

Much has been written on the martyrs of Madagascar's church. We have cited but a few instances.

The queen's fury did not abate, but her advisors and officials became "sick from blood," and so the trials became milder. However, her reign was bloody and full of terror to the very end, and she has justly been called the "Bloody Mary of Madagascar." Ranavalona died on July 16, 1861, after a reign of thirty-two years. The terrible persecutions had come to an end.

Results of the Persecution

It is of interest here to note the results of the persecutions as stated by Rev. William Ellis of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Ellis visited the island three times during the "dark years" in order to help the Mala-

gasy Christians. After the death of the queen, he remained several years in the capital.

"I early sought information from the preachers as to the actual amount of increase which had been made to their numbers during the years of persecution.

"In the four persecutions, besides those who suffered at other times, more than ten thousand persons had been sentenced to different kinds of penalties; and what had been the result? The Christians had increased in the land from between one to two thousand, when the persecution commenced, to seven thousand, when it ended, the communicants, from about two hundred had increased to a thousand.

"As in the persecutions of the early Church by Nero, the Christians were dispersed and spread the Gospel to far away places, so the scattering of the Malagasy Christians at Tananarive spread Christianity into many distant villages where the Light had never previously penetrated. Such, by God's divine grace and power, was the blessed fruit of twenty-six years of persecution." [3]

Radama II, who ruled after the Bloody Queen, was of very weak character and made a poor king, but he tolerated the Christians. He reigned only two years (1861-63), and his wife Rasoherina became ruling queen. During her reign of five years the country prospered in planting and trading. Although Queen Rasoherina was not herself a Christian, the Missions made big strides.

The Little Princess

Rosaherina died in 1869 and her successor was Queen Ranavalona II. When Ranavalona II was a little girl, she was called Ramona. As she ran about the palace she heard much about the new worship, for there were Christians among the servants and even in the court.

[3] Ellis, *The Martyr Church,* pages 267-270.

They dared not speak openly of the new religion then, for the cruel Queen Ranavalona I would most certainly put them to death. Ramona herself saw Rasalama carried to her execution; she heard her song of joy. Since Ramona was just a little girl then, and a kind and gentle child, she ran in and out of the huts of her people at her pleasure. She saw that the Christians were good and brave and that they suffered innocently. She wondered what it was that made them so happy and courageous. And so she began to seek the truth. At first she was a Christian in secret. But in 1867, she declared her faith openly by being baptized. She became the Good Queen of Madagascar as Victoria was the good queen across the seas at the same time.

Queen Victoria sent Ramona a beautiful Bible with gold edges and gold title. At her coronation the princess Ramona who became Queen Ranavalona II would have nothing to do with the heathen priests and idols. Instead she placed her beautiful Bible on the table beside her, and on the large, gorgeous canopy above the throne was inscribed praise to the One Living God.[4] In her speech to the people, she said: "Concerning the new worship, ye are neither compelled to partake in it, nor hindered from it, for it is God who has created you."

After the queen was baptized she had a chapel built for worship. In 1869 she ordered the court or royal idols to be burned. The most renowned of these was called Rakelimalaza. It was supposed to give good fortune in war, and consisted of a small bundle of bamboo pieces wrapped in silk and decorations and accompanied by a whole chest of charms. Many of the old heathen were horrified and feared a terrible vengeance from the gods. But nothing serious happened, the country prospered, and the heathen supposed that the white men's gods

[4] Chapus, *Tantaran' i Madagaskara,* page 47.

must be stronger than theirs. This, of course, was only within the Hova tribe. The rest of the people had their own special idols, and they went on serving them as before.

The queen ordered the people to build schools and churches. It was difficult to supply teachers and preachers, but nevertheless large numbers learned to read the Bible. The Light entered more and more into heathen hearts and expressed itself in a new life.

Other Mission Societies Begin Work

The story of the Martyr Church of Madagascar spread among the Christian nations of Europe. A tremendous interest in missions in Madagascar sprang up, and several new societies sent missionaries. The Church Missionary Society began a mission as early as 1864 on the east coast, but discontinued in 1874.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (Anglican) began work on the east coast in 1864 and in Tananarive in 1867, and they are still continuing a large work.

The Norwegian Mission of Det Norske Misjonsselskap sent their first missionaries to Tananarive in 1866.

The Quakers, known in Madagascar as the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association, began in Madagascar in 1867.

These Missions were all prompted by love for the Master; their one ambition was to preach and teach the Gospel of the Savior to the Malagasy people. After some years it was found that the work of the various missions overlapped near the capital, whereas large masses had not been approached, especially those in the far west and south. Finally, in 1913 all Protestant Missions sent representatives to a meeting in Tananarive to discuss this problem. It was a very fine conference, led by a brotherly

spirit, prompted by a vivid desire to organize the mission work of the whole island in such a way that the Gospel might speedily and effectively be given to all the tribes. The island was divided into districts, each mission society becoming responsible for the section thus assigned to it. The Tanosy and Tandroy tribes became "our responsibility."

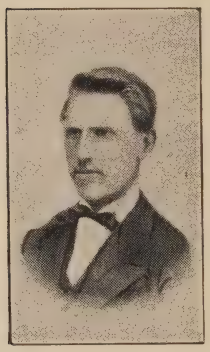
THE NORWEGIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

When the story of the great persecutions of the Malagasy Christians, their faith and their martyrdom, reached Norway, the friends of foreign missions joined in prayer for the relief of the persecuted. When they heard that the persecutions were at an end, that doors were again open in Madagascar for the Gospel Messsage, they rejoiced. Enthusiasm, as an electric current, fired the hearts of the people for Madagascar. At a large mission meeting at Bergen in 1864, the sail ship Eliezer was dedicated to Missions. Some years later another sail ship named Paulus also plied the waters in the sacred service of bringing missionaries and supplies, even their houses, from Norway to Madagascar.

Bishop H. Schreuder from The Norwegian Missionary Society in South Africa was sent to investigate the conditions for mission work in Madagascar. On August 12, 1866, the first two Norwegian missionaries landed on the island. They were John Engh and Nils Nilsen. The next year F. N. Borgen arrived. These young men remained in Tananarive a year to learn the language. At the end of a year they left for northern Betsileo, the district which was to be their mission field. It was a perilous journey in those days of robbers. One of the first messengers that Engh sent to Tananarive was robbed and murdered. Mrs. Engh, who traveled alone from Tananarive to join her husband, heard of the murder and believed the victim to be one of the Norwegian missionaries. These

first missionary wives deserve praise and recognition for their undaunted courage and infinite patience under extremely trying conditions. To them must be given much of the credit for the truly marvelous results their husbands achieved in the Lord's vineyard in the early years.

It is not given to many missions to reap so soon after sowing as did the Norwegian Mission. Already in 1869 two men of high family and influence were baptized at Betafo. From then until now large numbers have been added to the Lord every year, by thousands and thousands.



Lars Dahle

C. Borchgrevink

The year 1869 was also significant for another reason. It brought a large flock of young and able missionaries to the field. Doctor Christian Borchgrevink, well-known physician and late superintendent of the Mission, Egenes, the pioneer of western Vakinakaritra province, T. G. Rosaas, the Antsirabe missionary and the lepers' friend, also Lars Stueland, Jorgen Nygaard, and Hans Wilhelmsen. The next year, 1870, brought Lars Dahle, whose powerful character and great ability accomplished so much in the development of the Mission.

Borchgrevink built up a large medical practice in Tananarive. The Malagasy had infinite faith in his ability. We heard an elder native say: "Even a glass of water, if it came from Borchgrevink, would make one well."

Lars Dahle was an eminent scholar, especially of languages. Thus he contributed greatly to the supply of literature, of grammars and other texts, and to the revision of the Malagasy Bible. Dahle also began the first school for native pastors of the Norwegian Mission in Tananarive. This seminary was later moved south to Fianarantsoa, the heart of the Norwegian Mission field.

These early pioneers saw the need of well-trained native workers. So they stressed school work. Dahle's Seminary became a strong power. The same was true of Vig's Normal school at Masinandraina. These made it possible to open a large number of schools for children where religion was taught thoroughly and systematically. Thus was laid a sure and true foundation for the large and blessed harvest which followed. The Normal School is now at Antsirabe, directed by Professor Paul Buchenschutz, a Lutheran Missionary from France, who has done very fine service in the Norwegian Mission for many years. He is an unusually gifted school man.

The Work Among the Lepers

We have already mentioned that Rosaas was a friend of the lepers. They needed a friend, for the lot of the leper in Madagascar is tragic. He is eaten by disease, he suffers, he has no hope of recovery. Leprosy is a living death. But even this is not his greatest agony. He believes, as do also his heathen relatives, that he is accursed by the spirits. He is haunted. He sacrifices all his possessions to drive away the evil, but his fingers and toes continue to decay, to fall off. His relatives fear the disease, but they fear even more him who is the abode of the evil spirit. So he is turned away from folk and

friends, and must shift for himself in forest or cave. But his sickness goes with him, and alone and forsaken he has nothing to look forward to save the approach of a lonely death. Death to him means only the exchange of an existence of misery and possession by evil spirits for an existence far worse in a region which is the very source of torment and agony.

The Norwegian Mission had its first lepers' home at Antsirabe, but it was moved a few miles out to Mangorano. There we had the joy of visiting it in 1927.

There were about eight hundred lepers in the leper village. There were four rows of houses, and a chapel, all whitewashed and neat looking. It impressed us as the cleanest town we had seen in all Madagascar. At one end stood the house of the Norwegian deaconesses. Sister Marie Føreid was the first nurse to nurture this work of love and mercy. The sisters care for the sick, teach useful arts, and point the way of Light to these souls groping in darkness.

Across the road, and completely isolated from the rest of the village, is a home for the children born of leper parents. They are severed from every contact with the disease at birth and thus they are saved from becoming victims of leprosy. There is a school provided for them and they grow up as healthy, normal children.

On Sunday morning we attended morning worship together with Rev. Paul Buchsenschutz from Antsirabe, who is the present rector. There was Communion Service and about four hundred of the lepers partook of the Lord's Supper. It was impressive and touching to see these people, ravaged by disease, formerly destitute and suffering from untold fears, now well cared for and nursed, worshipping the true God, the Savior who was truly their Savior. A look of peace radiated from souls who had found rest and comfort and that already were in possession of eternal life.

On the West Coast

One of the chief difficulties of the young mission in Betsileo was the attacks of the robbers from the south and west, the Bara and the Sakalava. When all was dark and all asleep, they came. They burned towns, and scenes of despair were enacted in the light of the flames, scenes of blood and dying. The fires died, screams subsided in death or in the distance of the western prairies where the barbarians were fast disappearing with their booty of cattle and slaves.

"We must follow them. We must bring them the Gospel," said the missionaries. Their own Viking blood was stirred to brave the perils of life amongst these savages.

In 1874 the four first missionaries were sent from Norway to begin a mission among the Sakalava, L. Røstvig, D. Jakobsen, A. Valen, and K. Lindø. They are heart-rending, the stories of those first years. Several places were attempted but had to be given up. The missionaries dwelt in miserable huts, with little protection against the tropical sun and the malarial mosquito. Their health was broken, and the Sakalava were so bold and cruel that the missionaries were in continual danger of being killed. Often they were asked to help the sick; when these became well, the heathen were content; but when they died, the missionaries were accused of being murderers, and the natives sought vengeance.

There were four main stations established, Morondava, Mandza, Tulear and St. Augustin. The first Malagasy was baptized on Easter Day, 1878. It has been and is a very strenuous field of labor. To this the many graves of young hopeful missionaries laid to rest in the cemeteries near the station bear eloquent testimony. The hearts of the Sakalava have been hard and unresponsive. But thirty to forty years of love and sacrifice are beginning to show fruits. The Sakalava are yielding; they

want to learn, they want to know the way of salvation, the Gospel of the Great Love of which the missionary has spoken. Many more missionaries have come, undaunted by the dangers of the hot sun and stretches of deep, white, hot sand, of malaria and typhoid and dysentery. They have come, and they are coming, but their numbers are still too few, for the Sakalava have awakened. They demand to be taught about the true God.

This field has at present fifteen missionaries, eight main stations, two hundred congregations and over eleven thousand Christians.

Among the Bara

In July, 1887, the well-known Norwegian missionary, Nilsen-Lund, started on a long trip to visit Bara land, as well as the land to its south and east. He went south and west, almost to Tulear, then east over Anosy, over hills and desert regions, through forests and valleys to Fort Dauphin on the southeast coast, then north to Vangaindrano and back to Betsileo. The trip took five months and was full of difficulties and interesting experiences. At one place the robbers decided to kill him and his Betsileo carriers. Nilsen-Lund managed to get his carriers out of town and sent them homeward, so that they, at least, might be saved. He was left alone among the savages who were waiting to shed his blood. There was no hope of escape or rescue. If he only had a companion whom he could trust! He prayed God to give him such a one. He was given Joseph, one of his most faithful carriers. Joseph had lost the trail of his companions and could not find them. "It must be the Lord's will that I return to the missionary," he thought, and he returned. Both he and the missionary were finally given their freedom and the journey was continued. [5]

His carriers gone, Nilsen-Lund had to continue on

[5] Nilsen-Lund, *Madagaskara Atsimo.*

foot, across all of south Madagascar, a journey of five weeks. Often he had to lie out in the open at night and walk all day in a terrific sun. But the Lord kept him so that he was not sick one single day during the whole trip.

After his visit to the new fields several new missionaries were placed in Bara and on the East Coast. Gahre began work in Ihosy in 1888. He was there but one year. Then he was stricken by the dreaded malaria which took his life. He had no white person near when he died, but the Lord was near him. The night before he died he rejoiced at the glories awaiting him in God's city. "Death is easy for the Christian," said a Malagasy who saw him pass away.

In 1891, Smith and Rustad went to Ihosy. There Mrs. Smith and little Anna Smith succumbed to the fever. They rest in Ihosy until resurrection morning. Smith and Rustad became extremely ill and had to leave for the inland.

Such were the beginnings. But the Lord has not permitted His name to be put to shame among the Bara. The work progressed slowly, but surely. It has a firm, deep root and is developing very promising leaves. We see fruit in that large numbers come to learn God's way and to be baptized. The difficulties of the Bara climate are still there, but the time of reaping has begun, sowing and harvest go on side by side.

On the East Coast

After his journey of exploration, Nilsen-Lund was sent to place missionaries in strategic places on the east coast. At Vangaindrano he met joy and willingness, and the work prospered from the very beginning. Eilertsen was placed there. A church was built. People came to be instructed and very soon some were baptized. This happy attitude compensated for the deadly assaults of the

malaria, which finally, however, did break the strength of the missionary.

Thorbjørnsen was placed in Manambondro but remained only seven weeks. The natives wanted whisky, cloth, and weapons. When the missionary refused to give them these, they were furious and chased him away.

Horne, Elle, and Bjertnes came to reinforce the East Mission in 1893. Bjertnes later became the superintendent of the Inland Mission. After thirty-five years of service, he retired to Norway. (1927.) Horne and Elle each put in a lifetime in the East Coast Mission, in steady, thorough, thrifty labor and progress. On the East Coast the work is being extended, for there remains much land not yet under the direct influence of the Seed.

Great Awakening

Hans Nielsen Hauge made Christianity a living reality to the hearts of the people in Norway. Rainisoalambo was a Hans Nielsen Hauge to his people in that the Lord used him to bring Christianity to the hearts of the Betsileo of the Norwegian Mission, and later to large parts of the island.

This revival had a sure foundation in long and faithful instruction of God's Word. Three missionaries, Lindö, Meeg, and Theodore Olsen, had labored at Soatanana. Many Malagasy teachers and pastors trained in the higher schools of the Mission had been and were teaching the people. Several thousands had been baptized in that district, and there were over a hundred churches.

But one thing was lacking. There seemed to be very little spiritual life and desire to win others for the Lord. The missionaries' hearts were sad. Olsen and his wife, a granddaughter of Hans Nielsen Hauge, asked the Malagasy pastor, evangelist, and teachers to meet every morning and evening in the church to ask the Lord for a revival. The Malagasy Christians were disgusted. "Prayer meeting once a week is well, but twice a day, that is expecting

too much of us." Very often only two came, the missionary and his wife. They prayed that there might be a revival and that there might spring up a desire among the Christians to spread the Gospel and work for the Lord without expecting pay as laborers. The answer came, in Rainisoalambo.

As a young man Rainisoalambo served in the army of the local Malagasy king; he learned the art of divination and witchcraft; he practiced "law," according to the heathen customs, and was much sought as a "lawyer" in the native palavers.

When Rainisoalambo grew older, he withdrew from the army and worked his fields in Ambalavato, near Soatanana. But he continued as a diviner of some ability. Thus he petitioned the spirits to prosper his crops; thus he gained considerable money in calling upon the good and preventing evil for those who sought his aid against sickness, storms, crop failures, pestilence, and such. He sold charms made from wood, horn, or metal. He was kept very busy at deaths and funerals, especially in coaxing the spirit of the deceased to the cemetery lest it remain in the house to haunt the living.

A teacher came to the town. Rainisoalambo learned to read; he learned the way of the Lord. He was baptized, but his heart was unchanged. He had hoped to become the teacher of his village and receive a salary from the mission. When he found that there would be no money to gain, Rainisoalambo lost all interest. He returned to his charms, idols, and divination chart.

A period of troubles and trials befell the village. There was no rain. The crops failed. A terrible malaria epidemic swept over the country. Large numbers died.

Rainisoalambo worked his arts. He labored in desperation to save his friends and family, to save himself. But in vain. His customers sought other witch doctors. He became ill, very ill. His fields were neglected; his rela-

tives were also in trouble, and failed to help him. His friends left him. His body was covered with boils and sores, he was unable to move. He sought help from his charms and idols, but they failed him. With all hope gone, he began to weep.

Then he began to reflect upon the God of the Christians. He prayed for help, and then for a time he became better, but soon was worse than before. His cattle died, he had no more food, his disease increased. He began to despair. One evening he said to the Lord: "What is Thy purpose, O God, to have me suffer like this? May it not soon be enough?" That night he dreamed that he saw a figure of light which told him: "Cast away all your charms and idols."

When Rainisoalambo awakened, he was certain that it was the Christians' God who had spoken to him. He picked up all his charms, idols, and divination charts, and quickly and with superhuman strength he threw them over the hillside. He had never before felt so happy as he did that day. His sickness disappeared, strength and vigor returned gradually.

This took place in 1894, within a short distance of the Soatanana mission station, where Missionary Theodore Olsen and wife prayed twice a day for a revival. Some time passed before the faithful two heard of the Lord's doing in the little village.

Rainisoalambo became very busy. He must speak to the Lord, acknowledge the mercy and blessings he had received and thank Him. It was well that he had learned to read. He began to study the Bible; he must find the Lord's will in many things.

He told his friends and relatives of his wonderful experience. They were sick, some had eye diseases, others fever, some sores and boils. He admonished them to do as he had done, throw away the heathen idols, and they would be healed. But they doubted his words and thought

it better to cling to what they had. Rainisoalambo tended his fields, mended his house and fences. Everything prospered. Life itself became light and joyful.

Thus Rainisoalambo began as a Christian. If he but could help his relatives! He read and reread the Word of God, studied and meditated and prayed. He spoke to each one; he prayed God for them, and individually. His prayers were heard. One by one his family and his friends destroyed their charms and idols. Rainisoalambo placed his hands on them and prayed, and they were healed, spiritually and physically.

On Sunday, June 9, 1895, Rainisoalambo gathered his newly converted friends about him in his home. They told of their experiences, and all agreed that the Lord had dealt marvelously with them. There were but thirteen in that first meeting, and most of them were Rainisoalambo's relatives. But this meeting became of much significance in the future development of the revival.

The ninth of June has thus become the anniversary date of the great revival in Madagascar. On that day is always read Christ's High Priestly prayer (John 17), and the Christians dwell on the great things the Lord did to and through Rainisoalambo and his friends.

Missionary Olsen and his wife rejoiced exceedingly. They continued to pray and to thank, and to labor. In 1896 Olsen was moved from Soatanana to Fianarantsoa. He was very ill. But his thoughts were continually of the revival, and he prayed for that with his last breath. When he had closed his eyes in the last sleep, he was laid to rest in the mission cemetery at Ivory, Fianarantsoa. On a simple tombstone are inscribed his name and these words: *Velona aho* (I live).

Missionary A. Thunem succeeded Olsen at Soatanana. He continued to love and nurture the revival for many years. He saw the little flame grow to a large fire.

The Revival Spreads

When Rainisoalambo had done all he was able for his relatives and friends, he decided to expand the work. He chose eight men whom he gave special instruction in order to make them fit evangelists. After several months' training, these men were sent out as *iraka* (messengers).

The messengers often suffered for the cause. The authorities feared that they would stir up the people; they believed they had too much influence. So the *iraka* were forbidden to preach, to go from place to place. They were imprisoned, they were fined. But they continued to preach and to heal. Large masses of people gathered about them wherever they came, and hearts were touched with a holy fire.

The work spread in ever-widening circles, through the large Betsileo district, through other districts, finally throughout the whole island. Especially where the Protestant Missions have laid a foundation of Scriptural teachings, the messengers have been instruments in bringing life and spirit. In our Mission of the Fort Dauphin district, the messengers have come and preached. They have done a blessed work in our midst.

The last evening Rainisoalambo lived, his relatives and near friends gathered near his bedside. Among them were the missionaries from the station. Rainisoalambo was very weak, but after his favorite hymn had been sung, he offered his last prayer, and it was a prayer for the messengers and the spreading of the Gospel. The next day, June 30, 1904, Rainisoalambo passed on to be with God.

When Rainisoalambo died, there were forty-one messengers besides nine who had already passed to their Reward. Since then the movement has increased beyond the greatest hopes of Rainisoalambo or Missionary Olsen. The revival continues as before, a part of the Norwegian Missionary Society's work at Soatanana. It has become a living power over the whole island.

CHAPTER V

Our Missionaries Come to Madagascar

The Approach

THE sun was setting behind the Ankarana range as a long caravan of burden carriers came winding through the forest of travelers' palms and approached the village of Ankaramanihy. The men were very tired. They had been traveling for six weeks along rugged mountain paths, through swollen streams, and over long sandy stretches near the Indian Ocean. It was a long way from Tananarive to Fort Dauphin, on the extreme southeast point of the island. Nearly eight hundred miles had been covered, and it would still be three days before their journey would be completed.

The missionaries in this caravan were Nilsen-Lund, pioneer missionary of the Norwegian Missionary Society and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johan P. Hogstad, members of our Church in America but in the service of the Norwegian Missionary Society. At that time our Church did not have a mission field in Madagascar. Hogstad arrived at Tananarive in 1887. In 1888, Nilsen-Lund set out to place the new missionaries of his society in Vangaindrano, Manambondro, and Fort Dauphin. He had been at the first two stations and was now proceeding to the last.

The following is a brief account of Hogstad's first meeting with his future parishioners as he told it to Miss Nellie Dahl:

As they were ascending the hill toward the village, Hogstad looked back along the line of burden carriers and noticed how the tin-boxed burdens reflected the sun's rays, making quite a showing to the watching villagers. Then Nilsen-Lund called his attention to the village on the

hill. There men were gathering, their spears in their hands and all faces were turned toward the approaching travelers.

The village of Ankaramanihy was then the home of a band of restless robber-warriors. What thoughts were in the minds of these wild, half-naked men who stood armed and waiting the approach of the strangers? How would they receive the two white men and the one white woman? And the baggage which so many black eyes studied with interest—how would it fare among those people? The old pioneer and pathfinder ahead of Hogstad knew that these people were not any too friendly.

Nilsen-Lund had faced danger and death before, especially when a captive among the wild Baras to the West, and the Lord had protected him then. So with prayer to Him to lead the way, he continued directly into the midst of the warriors and proceeded to make camp. The robbers seemed to know that an Unseen Presence hovered about these strangers. That night the village was quiet and peaceful. The many precious boxes of supplies, precious because so necessary, were left under the blue heavens unmolested and untouched.

From Ankaramanihy, Nilsen-Lund and Hogstad continued southward from village to village, along native paths so near the ocean that they could hear the roaring of its breakers from time to time. They came to Ambanihazo. Eliezera Legy, later a Christian but at that time a young boy in darkest heathendom, staying with his uncle, a leading man in the village and a Tavaratra of the leading tribe Zafitsi-hoatra, has told about their stay in the village. It was the first time that the young man had seen people with white skin, and to think that his uncle received them into his house! It seems that they stopped there awhile to rest their carriers and to become acquainted with the people, and that Nilsen-Lund bought an ox from Legy's uncle, and gave the carriers a feast.

(Legy, now grown old, likes to have it understood that this uncle had both rank and property.) He became interested in Nilsen-Lund, who, according to the impression young Legy had of him, "was a very kind-hearted man."

Evidently both the missionaries had a school for the young Tanosy on their immediate program. For they obtained the confidence of at least two Ambanihazo youth during their brief stay. The older missionary had several talks with the "big one" of the village, who, when they left, sent with them on their journey southward his nephew and heir, Legy, who should have been caretaker of his herds. Another boy also promised to come and followed a little later. "It was the first time that Hogstad and I saw Fort Dauphin," said Eliezera Legy, and a softer look stole over his swarthy face as he remembered those days with the beloved missionary and friend.

The young Malagasy boy went with a strange man, whom he had never seen before, of a race that he had never seen before, to a place that he had never seen before, which speaks well for the white men involved.

Arrival at Fort Dauphin

On the 14th of September, 1888, Hogstad arrived at Fort Dauphin. This historically famous town consisted at that time of a colony of Hovas, mostly soldiers, with a governor at the head. They had settled in the extreme north end of the peninsula on which Fort Dauphin is situated. The town is surrounded by the seven forts built in 1648 by Flacourt, the commander who succeeded Pronis in the early colony. Clustered about this garrison on the south and west and outside of the wall were the native huts. The government church was situated right in the midst of the Hova colony.

There, inside the garrison, several hundred people were huddled together on about five acres of land. Slaves

and free, men and women, soldiers and civilians, officers and subordinates, all lived there and felt safe from attacks and other dangers. They trusted the high walls and the old rusty cannon which lay in position on the forts. Ammunition and ignition contrivances were on hand. The chief artillery men had their huts near by.

Among the houses ran innumerable black pigs. Chickens, ducks, and geese played hide-and-seek under the huts, or lay in the dry sand—scratching and raising clouds of dust. A terrible stench met the travelers even when yet a long distance away.

It was the middle of the day. The air was hot and sultry. Occasionally a faint breeze passed over the land, cooling it and bringing welcome relief from the insistent odors of the stifling air.

The Reception

In the garrison dinner was over, and the women had finished dish-washing—that is, they had swept the banana and fandra leaves, which had been used as spoons and plates, into a heap. Now they lay, half naked as always, with heads turned toward the open doors. They were lying on their stomachs, elbows on the floor, heads resting on their hands. It was very still all about. Had not a group of naked children who were playing in the sand over in the alley begun to scrap and scream furiously, one might have thought it a town of the dead.

Then there was a yell: "Foreigners! Foreigners! Many! There is a white woman along with them!"

Men and women jumped up from their rest. Hova officers called, "Fall in." The fat old governor came panting to review the troops. And as he hurried along, the captains commanded: "Attention! Present Arms!"

Everybody hurried towards the north gate. Some were already running down the hills. It was there on the plain, around the bay, that they had been seen. And there they

Part of Fort Dauphin (Imerimandroso) with Station Buildings

were—a long line of carriers with palanquins and boxes and burdens of every kind imaginable!

Those that met the strangers joined them and thus the procession suddenly grew immense, so that the natives screamed and held their hands over their mouths: "They are many—many thousand!"

The soldiers were lined up in two companies, one on each side of the street. The officers stood in front of the gate, some in white skirts, some with coats without trousers, some nearly naked, but all of them with headgear of latest fashion. And each had a long curved sabre in his right hand. They looked fierce. In the center of the place within the fortification stood the queen's representative surrounded by his aides.

When the missionaries arrived, they had to get out of their palanquins, and a special messenger from the governor escorted them through the gate. There was a powerful "Attention! Present Arms!" and a tremendous rattling of weapons, as they passed between the stiff ranks. Soon they stood before the very representative of the queen, the governor.

After the customary greetings and introductions, passports and letters were brought out. As these were from the queen, a "parliament" must be called immediately.

While soldiers and peoples' representatives were summoned by the excited officers, the governor entertained the strangers in a friendly manner.

Thereupon the queen's message was read in a ceremonious and laborious tone. It was a recommendation of the work of the new missionaries, and a command that they be supported and helped in their work. They were the queen's friends, and they must be shown all manner of friendly service, wherever they came, by all who were and would be the queen's friends.

After the reading, the governor stepped up in front in the open place, and said: "Now we have heard the

queen's message and will concerning these foreigners. Woe to him who does contrary to this command! He shall be punished severely! He shall be treated as a soldier that flees from the battle in cowardice, or as a robber who seeks to rob and plunder from the queen herself. Shall it not be so, ye under heaven?" Half roaring, half growling, the large mob-like gathering replied: "So shall it be."

After this reception, the new missionaries were shown a place where they might live until their new houses were ready, north of the Hova town. Here they began to build. A few small huts and a school house of the same kind as those the natives had—bark and palms,—that was the beginning.

So the mission work at Fort Dauphin was finally started by Hogstad, and thus was realized the dream of many who had been earnestly praying for the advancement of the Kingdom in south Madagascar.

Bishop H. Schreuder's Visit at Fort Dauphin

Bishop H. Schreuder had visited Fort Dauphin in 1867 and had written the following in his diary: "At dawn, September 29th, the bay of Fort Dauphin and its surrounding territory lay before us. At a distance it resembled the bay of Capetown. Although our boat lay rather far out, a Creole from Bourbon rowed out to us, and in the afternoon the captain, mate, and I went to the land. We notified the Hova governor of our arrival and after having passed a few old closed gates, we finally entered within the French fortification where the large (about sixty feet high) government residence stood.

"Between one and two o'clock, we had completed our visit in the Hova garrison. Since our landing, the wind had increased, so that we could not embark again until it had subsided. I, therefore, made a trip, going a good

distance out from the town, to the highest point on the peninsula, which is formed by the bay of Fort Dauphin on the east and the bay of Gallion on the west. It stretches a distance of four miles from the foot of steep high mountains which form the southern boundary of a mountain range.

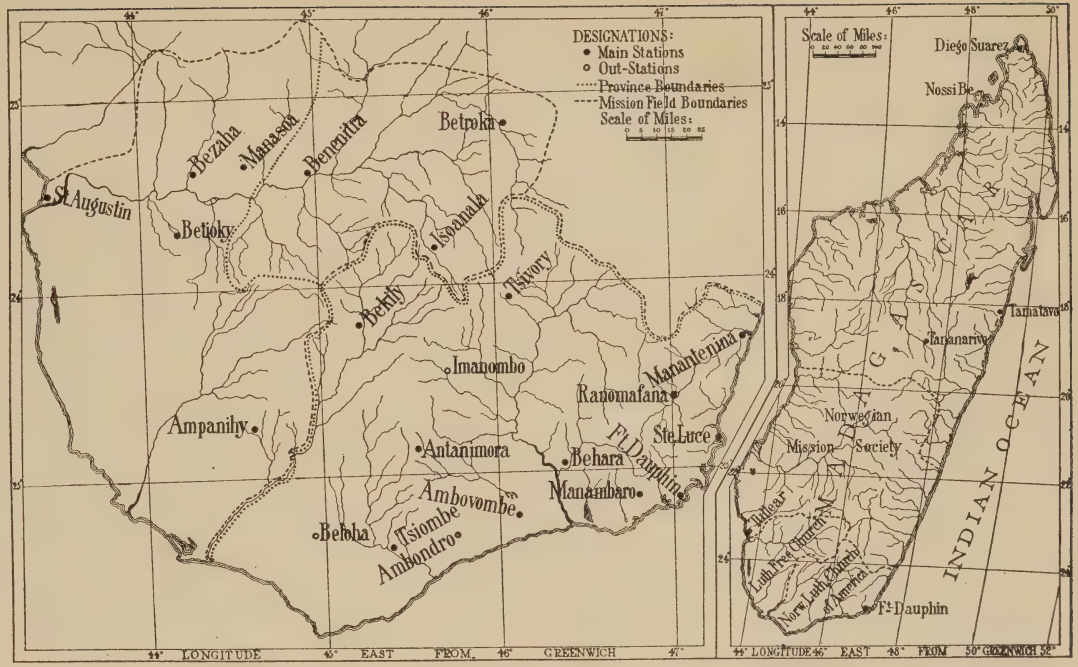
"The town itself seems to be located in wholesome surroundings. It is built on a high and open space by the sea and there are no fever marshes near by.

"According to all that I saw and learned, I must say that the Lord did well in that He did not have us send our missionaries to Fort Dauphin first. But then again, it may be that we could in some future time extend our mission work to that place after we have gained a sure foothold in the land, and have missionaries to send who are already acquainted with the people and the language."

Bishop H. Schreuder's visit must have made a deep impression on the natives at that time, for Protestants even today in the Fort Dauphin district are mostly called "Be-Shompy," a word believed to have come from the title "Bishop."

The Hova Rule

The Hovas had then been conquerors and rulers over most of the island for more than fifty years. King Radama I, who ruled from 1810 to 1828, had wished to put the whole of Madagascar under his scepter. He sent out large armies and conquered the east coast, as far south as Fort Dauphin and Manambaro. The Hovas proved to be hard masters and the Tanosy hated them. They rebelled against their oppressors, and at first they were victorious. There still remain the old Tanosy who boast that their grandfathers put the Hovas to flight and drove every last one of them out of Anosy. There is also a story about a Hova captain who fled, with a few faithful survivors, up the Tsitongambarika mountain, hotly pur-



Mission Fields of the Norwegian Lutheran Church and the Lutheran Free Church

sued by the Tanosy. When he found that escape was impossible, he placed himself on the top of his last keg of powder and lit a match to it!

Finally, however, the Hovas received reinforcements and subdued the coast people. They punished them most severely. Some were wrapped up in old mats and laid in open graves, and boiling water was poured over them. Every tenth child was carried away as a slave.

The Tanosy hated the Hovas more intensely than ever before, and they swore revenge—but in silence. Many fled to Reunion, a small island to the east, rather than submit to the new rule. The greatest number, very many indeed, left for the Mahafaly district, where their descendants still live and are called the West Tanosy.

This state of affairs lasted many years. Then Queen Ranavalona II became a Christian (1869), and although religious liberty was proclaimed, Christianity became the state religion. Those who would win the queen's favor became Christians, in name, if not in heart. Large numbers of government officials hastened to join the new religion in the capital, Tananarive, and when these were sent as administrators and the queen's representatives to the outlying parts of the island, they were requested to prosper the new "praying." They built churches and held services, even though their knowledge of Christianity was almost entirely lacking.

The Church at Fort Dauphin Before Hogstad's Arrival

It was about two centuries after the violent end of the Catholic Mission, that the first direct Protestant work was begun at Fort Dauphin. In 1880, the London Missionary Society sent two Malagasy evangelists, Ramonosy and Rakotosalama, to preach the Gospel in that region.

When the two evangelists came, they very naturally took up work in the government church. The administra-

tors used all their power to force Christianity on the people. To the Tanosy the "new praying" was but another trick of the Hovas to entice the children to leave their parents in order later to be shipped away into slavery.

Church attendance was compulsory. If someone should trespass by trying to stay at home, or to work in his field, he was punished in this manner: During the next Sunday's services, the guilty one had to stand outside of the church entrance with the rice mortar, about fifty pounds in weight, on his head. If someone committed a sin, such as stealing or adultery, he must hold the Bible on his head and stand on one leg near the church entrance so that the crowd coming out from services might gaze at him. Thus he would be a public spectacle every Sunday until he confessed his guilt and begged forgiveness.

In church, much heed was paid to "good order." A deacon stood on watch, his *lamba* full of dry lumps of mud. If someone lifted his head before the end of the long prayer, which often lasted half an hour, the deacon fired a lump right in the face of the offender. At his side, the deacon had a long bamboo which was wont to descend vigorously on the head of any worshiper who dared to become restless.

In one of the large coast churches, a visiting evangelist saw a large jug of rum in the middle of the center aisle.

"What is this for?" asked the visitor.

"To make the singing lively," was the reply. "For when the congregation has drunk of that, the singing becomes powerful."

It was easy to become a "Christian" then. One need only to give notice of wishing to be baptized, and to attend church services regularly four or six Sundays. Then someone would make a motion that he be accepted as a member of the congregation. If the voting were

favorable, the candidate would be baptized, accepted in the congregation, and declared "saved."

Building churches, and all church work, was done by forced labor. So the Tanosy hated the "worship," they hated the Hovas who brought it, they hated everything connected with their rulers. It was under these conditions that the mission work was started at Fort Dauphin by Hogstad. The governor supported him to the best of his ability. He was an able man and sought especially to open schools throughout the country.

Early Mission Work

The beginning was very promising. Since the Hovas had the power, the mission fared well among those connected with the garrison. But beyond, among the Tanosy, the mission met opposition. It had to suffer and share all the hatred and mistrust the Hovas had drawn upon themselves. It was supported by the Hovas. The missionaries tried to win the young people, the old Tanosy were more than ever convinced that their sons and daughters would some day be brought down to the shore, put in ships, and then,—presumably become slaves of those white-beaked foreigners across the sea.

It was a very difficult situation for the new missionary. He wanted to win the Tanosy as well as the Hovas, for it was especially among the former he had come to work. But since he was a friend of the government, he was an enemy of the Tanosy. He had no choice. He could not join the Tanosy against the government. It seemed a case for despair—but Hogstad did not despair. He worked in hope and patience, with an abundance of tact and of faith that the Lord would find a way.

The First Baptism

Great was the joy throughout the church in America when word was received from Hogstad that the first Malagasy had been baptized on our field. On March 6,

1889, Hogstad wrote, "Last Sunday was a very festive day for us. Seven fine Tanosy boys were joined to the Lord in holy Baptism." They were the first fruits! One of the seven approached Hogstad before his Baptism and said that his relatives would not permit him to become a Christian. Hogstad encouraged the youth to be true to his convictions. The boy replied, "I would rather be persecuted than lose the hope of eternal life and so I wish to be baptized."

Schools Opened

Hogstad did not wait long before opening a school for children. As teacher, he secured Rabenjamina, a man who was loved by all who knew him. He was a slave but had a kind master who permitted him to teach school in the daytime if he worked for him in the evenings. He knew how to read and write, for he had attended school in Tananarive when a child. Hogstad found this young man to be very able and intelligent, and so he bought him from his master for seventy dollars. Thus Rabenjamina became a free man. When he was able, he returned thirty-five dollars to Hogstad. That was a big sum of money for him to raise. He was very grateful to his liberator, and he spent all the rest of his life in the mission service. He loved the Lord who had set his soul free too. Hogstad spent much time teaching him the things he needed to know as a teacher. Rabenjamina made good use of this opportunity. But he was particularly interested in studying his Bible. He knew his Bible very well and became a very effective preacher. He was later ordained to the Holy Ministry. This faithful child and servant of the mission died in 1912, at the age of fifty-three years.

As soon as the primary school was well under way, the missionary opened a school to train evangelists or teachers to go out and preach and teach in the villages. Ten young men became students in this school. Most of them were

Hova and Betsileo, for the Tanosy were still afraid. However, there was one Tanosy, Eliezera Legy, who had learned to trust and love the missionary. The other boy from Ambanihazo who had come with Eliezera to go to school did not continue very long. He ran away and chose to herd his cattle beside the river and to remain a heathen in the home village.

When the young men had attended school a few months, the missionary sent them out to teach and preach in the Tanosy villages. There had been no time to build schoolhouses, but the children and grown-ups gathered under large shady trees to hear the Gospel message.

However, the teachers themselves needed a better education. So the missionary sent a messenger to Tananarive and asked the Norwegian Mission to send some Hova teachers and evangelists. In response to this call, five men came from the Inland the next year. Then the other teachers, or students rather, were called back to continue their studies, and the men from the Norwegian Mission continued their work.

Some of these new laborers could not stand the coast climate and had to return to the interior. But one, Ravelojaona, remained and worked faithfully for twenty-four years. He did a blessed work. He was not particularly gifted and his education was very meager. But he could read and write and was very fond of singing and of reading the Bible. He loved to gather the children about him to teach them the catechism, singing, and Bible stories. When he preached, he told of the love of God and exhorted the others to follow the Master. And because the Redeeming Love shone through his own life, he was instrumental in drawing many to the Savior he loved.

We have mentioned the two Hova evangelists sent by the London Missionary Society to Fort Dauphin before Hogstad arrived. These continued to work for some years

in accord with Hogstad. But the London Missionary Society sent no white missionary. When they found that Hogstad was well established in the new place, they decided to retire from the field in favor of our mission. It was in 1892 that Rev. G. A. Shaw of the London Missionary Society came to Fort Dauphin to transfer the congregation to Hogstad, an arrangement very satisfactory to everybody concerned.

Hogstad labored in Fort Dauphin six years. In 1891 there were twenty-five baptized. By 1894, when Rev.

J. P. Hogstad

E. H. Tou

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hogstad went to America on furlough, eighty-nine souls had been baptized and the work had been thoroughly grounded.

Manasoa

Meanwhile, in 1889, an American Lutheran Missionary, Rev. Erik H. Tou, a man from our church but in the service of the Norwegian Missionary Society (as had been Hogstad), had opened a new field of work at Manasoa. The place is situated east of St. Augustin, in the valley of the Onilahy river—in the district of the Tanosy who had fled from the east coast to escape the Hova rule. It was at that time isolated from contact with white men. The climate there is very unwholesome. But

Rev. E. H. Tou persevered with much heroism for five years, built the station of Manasoa, also another station at Vohimary, and twelve substations. Twenty-one souls were baptized, and three hundred children in the schools were taught the Way of the Lord.

The New Mission Field

The interest in foreign missions in the newly organized United Norwegian Lutheran Church was very strong. A large group of mission friends felt that now was the time for our Church to have its own mission field and not sub-

G. N. Isolany

O. B. Sanders

sidize other mission societies. A committee of warm-hearted mission friends was therefore elected to go to Norway and negotiate with the Norwegian Missionary Society and obtain a part of the Madagascar Mission field as our own. The men sent were Rev. Lars Lund of Elroy, Wisconsin, and Rev. Peter A. Rasmussen of Lisbon, Illinois. They were received very warmly by the society in Norway, and an agreement was reached whereby the whole southern part of Madagascar as far north as a line drawn from St. Augustin on the west and Manantenina on the east, should become the mission field of the United Norwegian Lutheran Church of

America. This new arrangement with the Norwegian Missionary Society took place in the year 1892.

St. Augustin

The station at St. Augustin had been opened by Rev. M. Andreassen of the Norwegian Mission in 1885. The mission house was almost complete when it was brought from Norway on the Mission sail-ship "Eliezer." The house was, in fact, a gift from a mission friend—and a more welcome and useful gift than a good house in which to live, in the climate of West Madagascar, could not well have been thought of.

The natives of St. Augustin were more friendly than those farther north, and so the mission work had opportunity to enter, to grow, and to prosper from the very beginning.

In 1893 Rev. Ole B. Sanders was sent from America to labor at St. Augustin, among the Sakalava and Mahafaly tribes. He and his family continued there for six years. Then, broken in health, they left Madagascar. In France, Sanders recovered, and leaving his family there, returned to St. Augustin.

At the time he left Madagascar in 1902, one hundred twenty-eight had been baptized, fourteen substations had been started, twenty-five teachers and one pastor had been prepared for service.

The first missionary to come (1893) to Hogstad's aid at Fort Dauphin was Rev. Gabriel N. Isolany, the son of Missionary N. Nilsen (of the N. M. S.). He took over the Fort Dauphin station when Hogstad left for America. During the time he was at Fort Dauphin, our mission went through revolutionary changes. The government changed from a more primitive form under the Hova rule to the highly efficient French rule. The

Tanosy people who were held in subjection by the Hova rule and thereby were compelled to attend church services, now cast off all restraints and abandoned the church in large numbers. Isolany led the work through the troubled waters during the transition from the Hova government to the establishment of the French.

The Girls' Home and School

Miss Caroline Nilsen came to Madagascar with her brother, Rev. Gabriel N. Isolany. She became the founder of the Girls' Home and School in 1895. Mrs. Hogstad had already gathered a few girls into her home. It was a blessed work. In heathen homes, the young baptized Malagasy girls could not possibly live as Christians. Miss Nilsen enlarged the work of Mrs. Hogstad and started a home for them in a building at Fort Dauphin. This was the beginning of the large Girls' School at Manafiafy. Since then smaller homes for girls, housing from twenty to fifty girls have been established at almost all of our mission stations.

Directing the home for girls was a difficult task in those days. The Tanosy parents feared the white people, for how could they feel entirely safe? If a pupil found it a tedious affair to learn her three R's or to memorize the catechism, she would complain to her parents of being abused. The children had been trained in lying, stealing, and idleness ever since babyhood. Thus they did not fit readily into the new system of obedience and learning. So the heathen parents would steal them away from the homes. Miss Nilsen had many such runaway cases to worry over.

Not many years afterward the situation became quite the reverse. The Home was filled to capacity with girls, and parents came to the missionaries to beg that their daughters be admitted to the school.

Classroom at the Manafiafy Girls' School

The Mission Field Divided

In the year 1894 a group of churches and pastors from the United Norwegian Lutheran Church organized a synod called "The Friends of Augsburg." This was later called "The Lutheran Free Church." As a consequence of this, the mission field in south Madagascar was also divided. The United Norwegian Lutheran Church received the whole Fort Dauphin province and the Lutheran Free Church was given the western half of the field or the south half of the province of Tulear. Owing to the fact that the former church had its base on the east and the latter had most of its work centered on the west coast, arrangements were made for the exchange of the two stations, St. Augustin and Manantenina. This took place in 1904, the St. Augustin station being given to the Lutheran Free Church and the Manantenina station to the United Norwegian Lutheran Church.

End of Hova Rule

The Hovas were the most intelligent and most progressive of the Malagasy tribes. They had therefore been able to subdue a greater part of the island. Although the peoples of Sakalava and Androy and a few others were practically independent, it was generally granted that the Hovas were the rulers of Madagascar. We have already spoken of their hard hand over the Betsileo, and over the tribes of the east coast, and of how the Tanosy hated them.

Though this resentment on the part of the vanquished was partly due to an old love of independence, it was founded more on the bitter injustice and oppression exercised by the regents. The Hovas failed to govern the island. With all their ability they did not rise to the occasion. They were spoilt by power. They treated the other tribes as people to be exploited rather than to be

ruled. As a result, they had no moral influence with them, and most of the subdued tribes welcomed the arrival of the French invaders, and turned upon the Hovas, instead of helping them. The system of government employed by the Hovas was at fault.

The French Conquest of Madagascar

France laid claim to Madagascar through her numerous attempts to colonize the island in the seventeenth century. Madagascar was even formerly united to the French crown in 1688, but without the consent of the Malagasy nation.

French warships bombarded Majunga and Tamatave, two coast cities, in 1883 and later occupied them. A treaty was concluded in 1884 which gave the French government a protectorate over Madagascar in all policies relating to foreign affairs. This treaty was but a forerunner to the complete occupation of the island.

General Duchesne was dispatched to Madagascar (1895) with an expeditionary force to compel submission to the demands of the (1886) Treaty of Tamatave. He landed at Majunga and set out through untraveled swamps, through tangled jungles, and up steep mountains in order to reach the capital. His men suffered enormously from dysentery, fever, and insufficient transport facilities. The lives of 5,756 officers and men were sacrificed on the journey inland.

As the French troops advanced, the Malagasy soldiers, having no leaders, retired on every hand. From the hills a few miles from the capital, a few shells were thrown on the city. The queen was terrified. Fearing bloodshed, she ordered the white flag to be flown from the top of the palace. This ended the war and the Hova rule on September 30, 1895. The results of this conquest were many and severe. Madagascar, made a protectorate in

1895 under the nominal rule of the Malagasy queen, Ranavalona III, became by her deposition and deportation a French colony in 1896.

The Progress Made

Looking back over the seven years which our mission had existed since the coming of Hogstad in 1888 until the coming of the French Government in 1895, we find that a good beginning had been made. The number of baptized was 140, two main stations were flourishing, and 777 children were regularly in attendance in the schools. In 1895, the missionaries still on the field were Isolany at Fort Dauphin, Miss Caroline Nilsen at the Girls' School at Fort Dauphin, and Sanders at St. Augustin. Hogstad and Tou joined the Lutheran Free Church Mission (1894). Hogstad, however, united with our Church again in 1905 and returned to complete a fruitful and blessed service in Madagascar.

CHAPTER VI

After the French Occupation

THE French conquest came as a great cyclone over Madagascar. It upset the shallow Hova rule as if it were a tree with a rotten core. It brought a hurricane of revolutionary dust and war smoke which spread over the whole island. Many believed it would never clear up so that life would again be endurable as in the former days.

Meanwhile the storm settled somewhat, and one might survey the conditions as they actually existed. Many customs and privileges were lost and gone forever. A melancholy feeling filled the hearts of the natives and the missionaries. Where formerly God's Word had been preached and taught without restraint along the highways and in the open spaces, a European government now controlled the preaching and placed it under roofs and within restricted areas.

Many changes for the better were effected by the French conquest. Of these the greatest material advantages were the pacification of the country and the establishment of law and order. Justice was administered according to laws and tribunals. Good roads were constructed over the country. Postal-and telegraph communications were developed. A railroad was built connecting Tamatave with Tananarive and Antsirabe. Agriculture and the planting of new fruits were greatly promoted.

The "Lord who makes all things work together for good to them that love Him" used the conquest as a means of purifying and elevating His Malagasy church. The Tanosy people learned that the "new praying" was not really forced labor put over on them by the hated Hova. After these oppressors left, the missionaries con-

tinued to draw them with the Gospel of Love. The new order was an answer to the many prayers Hogstad and the other missionaries of the early days had prayed, "Relieve us, Lord, from the false religion of the Hova officials, from the church leadership of those who know not Christ."

Reasons for the French Opposition

That the government had reasons for their open hostility to the missions already existing on the island could be easily understood. The French officials and merchants came to the island with minds prejudiced as to the meaning and purpose of the Protestant missions. Protestantism was almost unknown to them, for France was virtually a Catholic nation. In addition to this, we should remember that as the conquering nation, France was afraid of any foreign nation's missionaries lest they introduce another spirit into the minds of the natives, an attitude of enmity to the French way of thinking.

Laboring Under Difficulties

The conquest of the island by the French caused many difficulties to present themselves to our mission. Great adjustments had to be made in our mission program. These changes were especially trying at this time since our work was still in its pioneer stage. When new demands came from the government in regard to the school work, we tried to fulfill them to the best of our ability. The most difficult problem was the instruction of French in the schools. The government passed a decree that half of the instruction in the schools must be given in the French language. Our missionaries had had very little opportunity to study the French language, and the native teachers knew even less.

Gallieni, the governor-general of Madagascar at that time, was a wise and able ruler. He granted the missions

a few exceptions in these demands and thereby helped tide over the missions that were making every effort to meet the new situation. He accepted our simple teaching as a temporary arrangement which might serve as a beginning. From this we hoped we should be able to carry on under reduced forces until our teachers could learn the French language.

Our work was badly broken up and almost at a standstill. This was also true of the work of the other mission societies laboring on the island. The Catholics made special efforts to profit by the confusion in the ranks of the Protestants. They tried to win over the Protestant Christians. For, according to their belief, these were in a more hopeless state than the heathen. Already they had told the people, "France is a Catholic country, therefore all who would be loyal to the new rule must become Catholic." Accustomed as the people were to follow as sheep the state religion, large numbers joined the Roman Church. This was especially true of those who sought government positions.

The mission work of the Catholic church spread over the whole island. Four orders took up work: the Salette, the Holy Brethren, the Jesuits and the Lazarists. The latter established themselves in the Fort Dauphin province with headquarters at Fort Dauphin. At the present time the Catholic Church in Madagascar has 170 priests and 234 nuns. They claim 430,000 Malagasy as members of their church. This sum does not reveal the true membership because of their method of counting people by districts.

During the difficult times (1896), the Paris Missionary Society began work in Madagascar. They came to the aid of the London Missionary Society in a special way. Being both Protestant and French, they were able to tell the natives that it was possible to be a loyal subject and still be a Protestant. The French missionaries supervised practically all of the 600 schools belonging to the

London Missionary Society. The Paris Missionary Society performed a most valuable service to the work of the Lord in Madagascar by saving the schools in this great crisis and strengthening the mission work of the whole Protestant Church.

It was during this period that a tragedy occurred which took the lives of two of the missionaries of the Paris Missionary Society. Pastor Minault and Pastor Escande were brutally murdered in May, 1897, as they were traveling along the road to the capital. A band of robbers fell upon the two men and cut them down so cruelly that it sent a surge of horror over the whole mission field.

Opening Up New Stations and Institutions (1896-1905)

After the period of storm and difficulties, our mission entered into a time of calm and peaceful progress. The quiet lasted for seven years or until the revolution of 1904. This calm was very fortunate for our work. The seeds which had been planted must lie in the ground for a period in order to become properly sprouted. It is a very important stage to pass through in the progress of mission work.

Up to this time we had had only two stations, namely, Fort Dauphin on the east and St. Augustin on the west. Isolany was in charge of the work at Fort Dauphin, and Sanders was at St. Augustin. These two men were often called upon to make decisions which were of far-reaching importance to our mission. Scattered about these main stations were many out-stations. Our schools were confined mostly to the main station with a few scattered here and there over the field. Delegations from the larger towns were begging for missionaries to come and live in their midst. An institution for higher learning was sorely needed to receive the boys who had completed the courses offered in the lower schools.

The Beginning of the Boys' School

Protestant missions all over the world aim at nothing less than to make the Bible the Book of the people. When the early missionaries were compelled to leave the island at the time of the persecutions under Ranavalona I, they did not leave the Christians comfortless. They left behind them the Bible and the ability to read. Such has also been the purpose of our mission. To make this possible there must be schools.

When Rev. Peter C. Halvorson arrived in 1897, he began immediately to build and conduct a Home and

P. C. Halvorson

J. Skaar

School for boys. The intention was to help needy boys to learn the Christian faith. And the missionaries hoped to select the most promising of these boys to become evangelists and teachers. The school opened on December 23, 1897, with eighteen pupils. For four years the boys slept in the attic above Halvorson's home. The attendance grew rapidly. Forty were enrolled after the first month. Young, healthy Malagasy boys can and will make a great deal of noise even though they wear no shoes. This fact Mr. and Mrs. Halvorson realized keenly in the evenings, and especially after days of strenuous labor. The boys were full of life and pranks, but they knew that the

missionaries loved them. In 1902, the Home for the boys was completed at Fort Dauphin.

Instruction was given in the Catechism, Bible History, and the common school subjects. Several of our Malagasy pastors and leading evangelists received their first training at the Boys' School at the time that "Papa" Halvorson was its director. They were Tanosy boys in whose hearts grew a desire to become shepherds of their own people.

Manafiafy (Ste. Luce)

When Rev. Johannes Skaar arrived on the field in 1897, the missionaries decided that the time had now come for the work to be expanded. They turned their eyes to the great unoccupied region around the Manafiafy district. Between the mountains to the west and the Indian Ocean on the east the country was thickly settled with Tanosy people.

Manafiafy is a small village which crouches on the white, sandy beach of the Indian Ocean so near the water's edge that its toes are lapped by the breakers. It is a lone village, far removed from towns and traffic. In the twilight, flying foxes soar with melancholy measure over the silent marshes of the vicinity. The travelers' palms waft their large blades slowly in the ocean breezes. Thousands of seagulls scream on the bare cliffs, while sharks and other fierce animals of the sea chase the small fish toward the strand.

It was believed that Manafiafy, located as it was on the ocean and blessed with the cooling sea-breezes, would be the best place for the mission station of the district. But the heavy, moist atmosphere has proved to be a trying climate. Great swamp fields stretch for ten miles to the south and four miles to the west, with the result that malaria mosquitoes abound. Most of the missionaries stationed there have suffered much from the fever.

The station was opened in 1898 by Skaar. He started immediately to build the station house. Soon he had begun work in eight villages and had built six churches. The climatic conditions, together with the very strenuous work, broke Skaar's health. He was compelled to return to America in 1901. At the time of his departure, twenty souls had been baptized, four hundred children were being taught in eleven schools in the country, and twenty were preparing for Baptism.

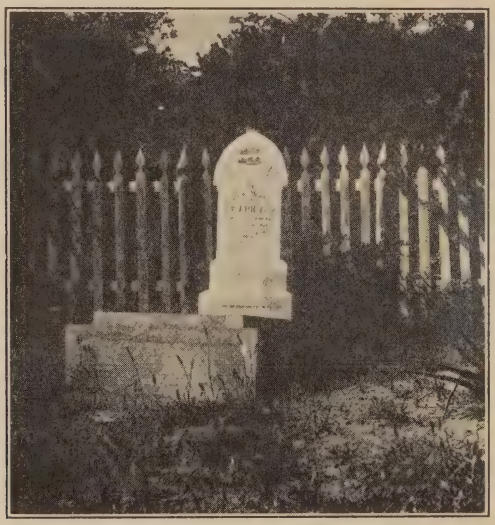
Manantenina

The robbers of Amkaramanihy had captured Hogstad's heart the time he first passed through their village on his way to Fort Dauphin in 1888. He could never forget them. So when he returned from his furlough in 1896, now in the service of the Lutheran Free Church of America, he was drawn back to these people. He traveled by carriers, two and one-half days' journey north from Fort Dauphin along the beach of the Indian Ocean. He settled at Manantenina, a large town on the opposite side of the river from the robber village. He set to work immediately to build a house and a church. Many outstations were started and one was built at Amkaramanihy.

The Malagasy loved "Gistad" as he was affectionately called. He loved them and they understood him. He spent much time visiting in their homes. The children flocked to his schools. He had as many as four hundred children enrolled at one time.

The robbers never stole from Gistad for he was one of their "relatives." They found that he was even willing to lay down his life for them. Such an incident occurred during the rebellion of 1897. The people at Manantenina rebelled against the new rule. They gathered on the other side of the river and awaited the dark of the night in order to attack the Manantenina fort. Hogstad knew

that the natives were bringing destruction upon themselves by this act. Dusk was falling, and bullets were whizzing by. He asked the captain of the fort for permission to speak to the natives. The request was granted. However, he had no boat, and the river was full of crocodiles. It took much courage to enter into that stream



Grave of J. P. Hogstad, Fort Dauphin

full of ravenous monsters and to swim across, but it took a still braver heart to face that howling mob, all astir with the frenzy of war, which he found on the other side. He pleaded with them all night long and succeeded in calming their wild emotions and to stop the attack on the fort. There was no bloodshed, for Hogstad would not reveal the names of the insurgents. They were his friends.

In 1903, Hogstad left for America. Manantenina be-

came our station in 1904. However, in 1906 the founder returned, this time in the service of our Church, and continued his labors at Manantenina. The malaria fever prostrated him, but he would not give up. The Christians saw him waste away before their eyes. Finally, in 1911, he became extremely ill with the black water fever. He was carried to Fort Dauphin through Ambanihazo, the same route he had traveled the first time he came to Fort Dauphin.

He received medical attention and loving hands took care of him. On October 24, 1911, he passed away. His last words were concerning the salvation of the Malagasy. He was laid to rest in the mission cemetery near Fort Dauphin on a high knoll overlooking the Indian Ocean. There he awaits the Resurrection morning when he will rise together with his Malagasy brethren for whom he lived and gave his life.

The Close of the Early Pioneer Period

The early pioneer period of our mission started with the coming of Missionary Hogstad and lasted until 1906. It was during these times that the work was grounded and the foundations laid for a progressive and expanded program which bore fruit in the following years.

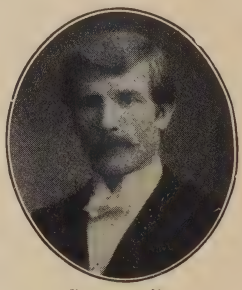
Rev. Michael J. Stolee arrived in 1901. He succeeded Isolany at Fort Dauphin and became the first superintendent of our field. Miss Emma Dahl came with the Stolees. She was placed at the Girls' School since Miss Caroline Nilsen had gone home on her furlough. Rev. Theodor A. R. Elle came to St. Augustin in 1901 to replace Sanders, but malaria fever compelled him to leave that field, and he returned to America at the end of his first year. Rev. Gunnerius Torvik, who came in 1902, took over Skaar's work at Manafiafy. Sister Jorgine Mjovik, also of 1902, was sent to the Girls' School to help Miss Emma Dahl. Three new mission-

aries arrived in 1905: Rev. Peter A. Bjelde, who succeeded Halvorson as director of the Boys' School at Fort Dauphin; Rev. Wilhelm Trygstad, who went to Manafiafy, for severe illness had compelled the Torviks to take a short furlough; and Miss Nellie Dahl, who went to assist Sister Jorgine, as Miss Emma Dahl had been removed to the Manantenina station.

The Revolution

A lark swaying in the very top of a tall filao tree seemed only a tiny dot up in the sky, but it filled the

M. J. Stolee



G. Torvik

whole village with its song. It was September, which is the beginning of spring on the east coast.

Every morning the sun shone brightly, but in the afternoons dark clouds rolled high and thunder crashed while torrents of rain fell. Creeks and rivers swollen from the rains raced down the hillside. Here and there the natives directed the waters into the fields which were being prepared for planting. Cattle were chased up and down the fields, their feet mixing the water with the mud. This is a primitive Malagasy way of plowing a field. Women were transplanting the rice into the watery soil. There was stir and excitement all about.

In one of the native huts of Manantenina sat a number of leading witch doctors studying the divination chart very seriously. It had fallen to their lot to find the right day for beginning the revolution against the foreign government. Their profound expressions showed that they were very desirous of finding the time favored by the spirits.

When Miss Emma Dahl, the missionary at Manantenina, was visiting the homes of the people in the village, she came upon a group of witch doctors working their craft. She questioned them, but they gave her only evasive answers. That evening, however, a faithful ser-

Wm. Trygstad

P. A. Bjelde

vant informed the white lady that the Taisaka tribe of the north was all astir, that Europeans had been murdered, and that the people of Manantenina and Ranomafana were on the point of joining the revolution.

The Uprising

The disturbance had originated in Amparihy, north of Manantenina. Thoughts of revolution had flourished there a long time. In 1904, the garrison received a new administrator even more unscrupulous than those before him. The natives said they preferred being killed at once rather than suffer such torture. And one day, in

savage fury, the mob murdered the officer in a terrible manner. Messengers were sent in every direction to the tribes to rise in revolution. Bleeding limbs of the murdered Frenchman accompanied the messages. Ramahatonga, the chief, announced that everything French would be destroyed. Other whites would be spared. But the barbaric people soon forgot this discrimination and thought only of robbing every foreign person of his possessions.

News of hundreds of natives heading for Manantenina in wild frenzy, reached the administrator there. So on November 24th, Miss Dahl was ordered to leave for Fort Dauphin. She had to walk most of the way, a few men carrying her most necessary articles of travel. It took her four days to reach Manafiafy, a distance of about sixty miles.

The 3rd of December was the day found by the witch doctors to be favorable for the uprising of the Tavarata and Tambolo people. The messengers of evil had been busy stirring up the natives to war, to make an end of the "worship," of the taxes, of forced labor, of all the suffering the white man had placed on them.

The Soanierano Services

On Sunday, December 4th, Missionary Stolee was at Soanierano, a town about eight miles west of Fort Dauphin, and held services with Baptism and Communion. It was a blessed meeting. Immediately after the services, however, a messenger came running into the church with a letter from Mrs. Stolee, stating that the northern tribes had joined in the revolution, that the Ranomafana garrison had been destroyed and thousands were storming towards Fort Dauphin.

The missionary told the people the news. "That is not news to me," one old Christian said. "A messenger from Ambolo reached me in the night saying that the

whole country is turning and that my mother's brother was killed in the attack at Ranomafana. But as this would probably be the last time we might partake of the Lord's Supper here, I did not want to disturb the sacred festivity with the shocking news." The missionary bade a brief but sad farewell to his parishioners in Soanierano. He committed them unto the Lord's keeping and then shook their hands. With one, at least, it was for the last time.

On the way home, Missionary Stolee met hundreds of Malagasy in flight away from Fort Dauphin. They had all one purpose and desire—to save their lives. It seemed to the missionary as if the enemy would reach Fort Dauphin before him, but all was still quiet when he arrived. So he ran to the government official to ask what could be done for the missionaries, Torvik and Sister Jorgine, at Manafiafy. Miss Dahl had already arrived from Manantenina, and the Jorgensens from Tsivory were in Fort Dauphin waiting to leave for America.

The Missionaries in the Fort

News came of another Frenchman murdered by a wild mob at Isaka, beyond Soanierano. At the same time the Indian and Malagasy merchants brought their bags of money and other valuables to the mission station for keeping. Immediately after that, word came from the commanding officer ordering all the white people to enter the fort at once. The babies were hastily bundled in shawls and farewells were taken with the Malagasy Christians who wept and said: "If you remain with us, we shall all be safe, for everybody knows that you are the friends of the Malagasy, but if you are in the fort you will all be cut down together with the French." However, the missionaries had no choice.

It was a rainy night, and as black as pitch. All about was wildest confusion and fear, and the fortifications

were anything but ample. The walls were fallen on one side. There was not a cannon in the fort and not over twenty white soldiers. Had the enemy attacked that night, surely they would have won. They did not come then, but were satisfied with plundering the villages from which the inhabitants had fled, leaving their possessions behind.

"See," said Ramahatonga and the witch doctors. "We told you that the spirits would frighten them, for we Malagasy could not thus chase them. Now the white men are afraid; now they will all leave for their home on their island far across the big ocean, and all their fine things will be for us."

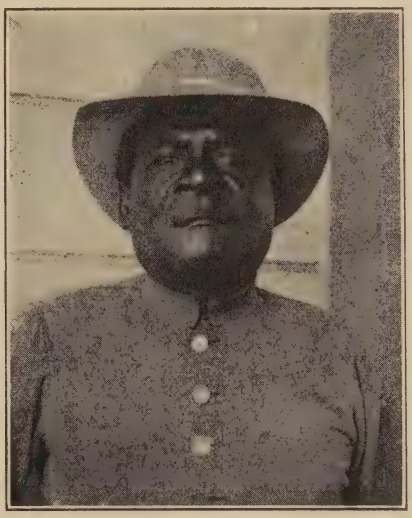
Mahampoana, Manambaro, Esira were laid in ruins. Murders, plunderings, fires were on all sides.

At Manafiafy, the Torviks and Sister Jorgine had fled to a small island about a half mile off the coast. This was on December 6th, and they remained there until the 16th in a small Malagasy house. From this place Torvik courageously guarded the mission station. One night the chief sent him 30 men and these hindered a large army of the enemy from taking the mission buildings. Another night a faithful servant prevented another group of robbers from burning the house. All the missionaries' personal property in the house, however, was stolen.

It was hard to be Malagasy Christians then. Their own countrymen accused them of siding with the hated foreigners because of the "worship," and to the French government all the natives seemed the same. A large number of Christians joined the Torviks out on the little island, and there they all prayed together that the Lord would deliver them.

Finally, on December 16th, Stolee had been able to persuade the government to send a boat to rescue the Torviks and Sister Jorgine. The boat anchored there that night in a terrible storm. The missionaries climbed

into the open row boat. The rain poured down on them. The wind tossed their craft about as though it were a little toy it wished to crush. But the Lord saved them. The next day they arrived in Fort Dauphin and were taken into the fort where the other missionaries had already spent nearly two weeks. The native Christians were not permitted to come by the boat, as it was too heavily loaded—but they went by land, and arrived the



King Befanatrika

next day—for they wished to remain as near the missionaries as possible.

The situation became more serious every day, and almost led to despair when the information came that the old fox, Befanatrika, had hoisted the banner of the revolution and taken his original position as leader of the Tanosy tribe. For Befanatrika was very wily, and he

hated "the praying" and all that was foreign. He had himself been in Reunion, an island east of Madagascar, and knew a great deal of the wickedness of the white man. He had adopted the dress of the European and learned his manners. His tall, erect figure, his expression of authority, and his bright watch chain impressed his countrymen. He was their old king, and would have been their ruler if the foreigner had not usurped his place. However, the French and the missionaries knew that with Befanatrika at the head of the enemy, there would be a long and bitter fight.

The Rice Bin

The Malagasy Christians in the country suffered. They pleaded that they might come into Fort Dauphin and be protected by the government. The latter replied that they might come, if the mission would give them food.

"Yes," said the missionary, "we will give them all we have, even the last kernel of rice."

They came by scores and by hundreds. The missionary tried to buy rice, but there was none to be had. He looked into the bin where the rice for the workmen was kept. There was not very much on hand. People continued to come and the thought of the small rice bin was oppressive. But the promise had been made that all who came would receive as long as the supply lasted. Nobody was refused. Stolee asked his worker whose duty it was to give out the rice, how long the rice might last.

"Oh," said he, "at this rate of giving, three to four hundred cups a day, there may be enough for two weeks."

That made the missionary feel better, "For," thought he, "after a couple of weeks the revolution will surely be over."

But one month went by, and then another, and the rice cup was passed in a steady beat. There was no food to be had from the country, nor could any be bought in

town, so all the Christians went regularly to the mission rice granary. *"Mahagaga tokoa izany ka"* (This is indeed a miracle), exclaimed the old cook. "The rice bin refuses to become empty."

That was very true. People began to wonder. But the missionaries knew the reason for the rice bin not becoming empty. They had pleaded with their Lord that He would save them in that desperate situation, and especially that the Malagasy Christians might not be left to the terrors of hunger and the hatred of the heathen.

Finally, when food could be secured from the country, the rice bin was empty. But then the revolution was over, and the people left for their own homes.

How Farafara Was Saved

One of the Christians thus kept at Fort Dauphin was the teacher from Farafara, a village lying in a corner somewhat apart from the rest of the Malagasy towns and traffic. The revolutionists did not come there. Even the schoolhouse built from bark and the teacher's palm leaf house were left intact.

When the teacher was able to return, the villagers who were all as yet heathen, bade him a hearty welcome, and declared that it was the "true God" that had saved them.

"Why do you believe that?" inquired the teacher.

"Because the children gathered in the schoolhouse every day, and there they prayed and sang, just as you had taught them."

"And how did you pray?" he asked of a little fellow standing near by.

"Oh, some prayed 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven,' but I do not know that yet, so I prayed the 'A. B. C.' with all my might."

"And the robbers certainly stayed away," added an old woman.

Peace Restored

An army of Senegal soldiers was landed at Fort Dauphin on December 21st, and with these reinforcements the government felt secure. The missionaries were permitted to leave the fort on that day but had to remain in Fort Dauphin.

The revolution spread from Mahasihanaka and Tomampy, on the east coast of the Norwegian Mission, to Anosy, Androy on the south, and part of the Bara country on the north and west. The revolution on the coast was really over in February, but Befanatrika would not give up. His Tanosy troops dwindled to a handful, and a price was put on his head. He, however, determined to sell his life dearly. The revolution ceased in April, 1905.

He persuaded the Tandroy chiefs to visit the Fort Dauphin captain and to tell him that they would be glad to support the government in its difficulty, but that they were unable to do so, as they lacked weapons. The captain was entrapped, and gave the chiefs guns. Then the Tandroys rose in revolt too, with Befanatrika at their head. It was not before April that he and his followers were compelled to submit.

In April, Miss Emma Dahl was permitted to return to Manantenina, and the Torviks and Sister Jorgine Mjovik to Manafiafy. There was then an opportunity of surveying the losses of the revolution. During the whole period, none of the missionaries had been attacked or injured. No native teacher had been killed, although, as we have said already, many suffered much for their faith.

At Manantenina the mission house had been looted, the church and schoolhouses were burned. The Manafiafy station house was also robbed of everything valuable, and five schoolhouses burned. The Manambaro church and schoolhouses were razed to the ground.

It is told of the Christians in Manambaro that they

were severely mocked by the heathen while their church was burning. The latter rang the church bell as for worship, and they called to the Christians:

"Why don't you preach? Your crowd is here."

The Christians, however, were not driven to discontinue doing what they believed was right, neither by mockery nor by threats. They read the 13th chapter of Romans with diligence, and every evening after a day of labor, they held evening devotion as before.

Results of the Revolution

The witch doctors lost much of their hold on the people. "It was the *ombiasa* who led us into this. He said we should win. Instead we have terrible suffering." Such thoughts stirred in the minds. So the Lord used even the witch doctors to turn the heathen to Him. He also used the pestilence and hunger that harassed the land after the revolution to glorify His name.

Thus it was in Tambaro where the teacher Solomona worked. Smallpox caused numerous deaths in the village, but he and his large family were spared. This, said the heathen, was a definite proof that the Christian "worship" was "stronger" than theirs. So they wished to serve the one true God. It was the same in other villages. The heathen died like flies, but the Christians prayed their God to save them. He did.

Fields had been destroyed during the revolution. People were hungry; they waited anxiously for the new crops of rice to ripen. Then the grasshoppers came in large clouds and settled on the fields of the heathen, but not on those of the Christians! In order to save their crops the heathen at Antsamara, near Manantenina, had had the sorceress Ravolamandiha sprinkle "charm medicine" on their fields. She also ordered them to remain absolutely quiet and not to disturb the grasshoppers if they

came. Only one of the heathen, a regular crook, lost faith in the sorceress when he saw the grasshopper swarm. He called his family and all of them rushed into the fields, screaming and beating drums. They thus saved some of the crop. Deep humiliation for Ravolamandiha! But for the followers of the Lord it was a victory and a testimony of the Almighty! The heathen had seen the Christians beside the rice fields, with bowed heads and folded hands, calling upon their God. Then they saw the fields of the Christians entirely spared. The grasshoppers did not take a kernel from them, but the fields of the heathen were laid waste. There was a large gathering at the church of Antsamara the following Sunday to learn more of the new powerful "worship."

After the revolution, a great peace came over the Malagasy church. They had fled to the missionary for refuge. The missionary had protected them and been their friend. They recognized this and the bonds of love were knit more closely than ever before.

The sufferings of the native congregations during these trials had brought them into a deeper knowledge of the truth. They had experienced a testing of their faith in the Lord and His messengers. The Church was strengthened everywhere and a revival broke out. In the hearts of the Christians there burst forth a fire of missionary zeal and desire for the salvation of their fellow men.

A large gathering was held in Fort Dauphin. One of the leading evangelists named Jonasy preached on the text Mal. 3:10 and used as his theme "Bring in the whole tithe." The hearts of the Christians were stirred to expression. Many offered their lives to Christ as His messengers to Androy and to the land of the Tatsimo in the west. Christians offered oxen, hides, sacks of rice, mats, chickens, and eggs. One man offered a chicken and "dedicated its eggs to the thousandth generation for the salvation of the Tatsimos."

The Seekers from Ranofotsy

A few days after this happy event in Fort Dauphin, something strange occurred. The missionary was not there at the time. He was visiting the villages in the northern part of his district. But his wife was at home.

South from town there is a long sandy beach near the ocean. Early in the morning there appeared a horde of Tatsimos, wading through the sand. They were not carrying burdens, hence they were not prisoners. They would not come in the daytime if their purpose were to steal cattle from the Tanosy.

They came right up towards town without stopping, past the house of the monks, past the government residence, and directly into the mission compound. They were more than eighty in number, and they were dirty, long haired, ragged, and wild enough to frighten any person. The missionary's wife, however, went out to speak with them.

"What is it? What do you want?"

"Oh, we want to speak with the missionary."

"He is not at home."

"Well, then we shall wait until he comes," they said.

The missionary's wife found a house for them, and gave them rice and meat to eat. After this kindness they opened their hearts.

"Our worship is very bad. We have served the evil spirit too long, and we find that he deceived us. So we have dismissed him, and thrown him out. Now we wish to have the new worship, that which is making the Tanosy so wise. That is the reason we have come here today."

The lady asked them from where they came. Oh, they came from Ranofotsy, the very capital of the Tatsimo tribe. They had heard of the new worship in Manam-

baro, and they had dared to come all the way to Fort Dauphin to seek this new "praying" for themselves.

"Please try us," they said. "We shall build houses for the teachers that you send us. We shall not deceive you, our 'Father and Mother.' The whole Tatsimo country wants teachers," they added.

Rabenjamma and several other Christians of the Fort Dauphin congregation gathered with them in the evening for devotion and conversation. "I have never, never seen anything like this," exclaimed Rabenjamma later when he told the missionary about the meeting with the Tatsimos.

The next year the petition of the seekers from Ranofotsy was granted, at least in part. For the native congregation of Fort Dauphin sent them an evangelist to live and work among the Tatsimos.

The Christians rejoiced that the Holy Spirit had thus opened the Tatsimo land for the Gospel. They knew that the Lord would use them and their gifts to glorify His name in Atsimo.

Also at Manafiafy the desire to send out the Gospel light revealed itself. The congregation decided at their annual meeting to support an evangelist in the dark district near the mountains. Samson became the first evangelist to be sent out by this congregation. A feeling of joy warmed the hearts of the Christians. Now they too could send out one of their own number. It was a real sacrifice for them to raise the sixty dollars needed each year to support the evangelist, but this they did with the help of their missionary.

Progress and Growth

The men and women who labored during these troublesome years did a most blessed and constructive work. At the end of the early pioneer period, there were three main stations, a Girls' School with 135 children, and a

Missionaries on the Field in 1907

Upper row—W. Trygstad, N. Dahl, P. Bjelde, C. Thompson, M. Hagen, J. Hogstad.
Lower row—Mrs. Trygstad, Mrs. Bjelde, M. Stolee. Mrs. Stolee, Mrs. Hogstad.

highly developed Boys' School with 194 in attendance. A course for evangelists was being held each year. The total number of baptized was 895. Calls were coming from the great unoccupied region of the Tatsimos. The land of Androy, with a population of over 200,000 souls was without a single missionary. The Lord of the Harvest had moved the native Christian churches so that they began to realize their responsibility to their unsaved brethren in Androy. The messengers of the Lord were moving westward—into the land of the Tatsimos and the Tandroys.

The Churches and Schools Are Closed (1906)

Suddenly, like the explosion of a great volcano on a clear day, the order came from the government to close the churches and schools. There was no warning. The swiftness of the order dazed the missionaries. The very existence of the Malagasy Christian church was threatened. Superintendent Stolee conferred with the government authorities, but they said nothing could be done. Augagneur, the governor general, had spoken.

The blow was a crushing one. Missionary Bjelde had a flock of 194 young boys in his boarding school. These boys were being trained for future leadership and Christian service in Madagascar. They must be turned back into the heathen surroundings to be lost forever for the Lord. Miss Nellie Dahl was compelled to scatter her family of over one hundred little girls. Many were never found again. In the whole Fort Dauphin Province of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, there was not a single government school. The light was being taken from the people.

The government chose a few boys here and there over the province and sent them to their school at Tananarive. One young boy from Manantenina, while home on his vacation, told Missionary Hogstad the following: "At

the government school the teachers are always trying to impress upon us that there is no God. One day when the teacher was very energetic in mocking Christianity and to assure us that there was no God, that all things had been created by themselves, and that the Bible was just a fiction and a yarn, his wife fell down the stairs and died instantly. The students were terror-stricken and thought to themselves that there must be a God and that He would not allow Himself to be mocked."

Even worse was the situation of our churches. The Christians were deprived of the right to gather for worship. That the churches were closed also was because the government placed churches and schools in one category. The law against assembling concerned only the Christians. No longer could they have devotions together in their homes. The hearts of the Christians were saddened. Their deepest desire was threatened by this great catastrophe.

The heathen, on the other hand, had full liberty to gather in the open or in buildings by the thousands. They could have their heathen festivals when and where they wished. As soon as the people assembled as Christians, they were breaking the laws of the land.

The decree was based on a mistaken idea that the Christian evangelists and pastors were instigators of the revolution. This was not true. The leaders of the churches had by their determination and obedience hindered the revolution from spreading. They prevented a dreadful shedding of blood which would otherwise have taken place.

But the mission work is the Lord's even when all of the doors are closed. Thus it was in our mission. The missionaries had faith in the Lord of the Harvest to open the doors, and they set to work with greater determination than ever before.

New methods of reaching the unsaved were used. All

their efforts were turned into direct evangelistic work. The teachers were given work as evangelists. The Christians were called upon to do more personal work and house to house visitation. The missionary traveled from village to village, walked in the open market places and wherever people were to be found, and conversed with the individual concerning the way of salvation.

Great efforts were made by Missionary Bjelde to open the Boys' School again. Since the law required that only teachers with a French diploma could hold a school, word was sent to France to secure French teachers. The Lord sent us Rev. Alfred Picard and Mr. Henri Donze. They came in 1908 and with great diligence and warm-hearted interest, served our schools. Mr. Picard taught at the school for mission workers and Mr. Donze became an instructor at the Boys' School. Soon the boys streamed back and the school became an even greater blessing to our work.

Three New Stations

A remarkable growth and expansion of our mission took place during the years 1907-1909. Nine years had passed since the last station at Manafiafy was built by Rev. J. Skaar. The Lord opened up three new stations for us. He gave renewed courage to the hearts of His laborers. From now on, the march of the missionaries was ever westward, into new fields, bringing the message of salvation to the people they loved to serve.

Tsivory

Deeply nestled among mountains in the northwest corner of our mission field is the town of Tsivory. It is a cosmopolitan center, for the boundaries of three tribal areas touch there—Androy, Anosy, and Bara. There are Hova, Indian, and Chinese merchants, and a French garrison.

Rev. Chr. Jorgensen of the Lutheran Free Church opened a station in this town in 1900. He began constructing the mission dwellings, but the vicious malaria fever compelled him to leave the field in 1904. At the request of the Board of the Free Church, our missionary directed the Tsivory station from Fort Dauphin the following years. The Lutheran Free Church gave the station to our mission as a free gift in 1907.

Rev. Chr. Pederson, who arrived in 1908, was later placed at Tsivory (1909). Rice fields abound on all sides, and in the marshy areas, malaria infested mosquitoes breed. It was not long before the Pedersons made the acquaintance of malaria. In spite of the fever, reparations of buildings were carried on and substations opened. The work was very difficult because of the unwillingness of the many tribes dwelling there to amalgamate, but it progressed and bore fruit. Rev. Sivert Nesdal was sent from America in 1912 and continued the work at Tsivory in 1913 and for seven years following.

Manambaro

A half day's journey west of Fort Dauphin, in the district of the Atsimo, lies the populous town of Manambaro. For many years, the missionaries at Fort Dauphin had received delegations from this town asking for a missionary. A native evangelist was placed there and frequent visits were made by the missionaries to the town. The chief at Manambaro and his followers were not satisfied and pleaded with the missionary to come and dwell in their midst.

In 1908 it was found possible to make Manambaro a main station, a beacon light for the 10,000 Tatsimos. Missionary Bjelde was sent to this place. Soon he had a fine station house constructed and later built a beautiful church. Evangelists were scattered about the coun-

try and before many years there were thirty outstations. The Manambaro district was ripe for the harvest, and the church flourished. When Bjelde left on furlough in 1914, Rev. B. M. Schroder took over the station and continued the work so well established there.

Ranomafana

The Manampanihy River empties its large stream into the Indian Ocean at Manantenina. There, on the coast, it is broad and sluggish. Large crocodiles sun themselves lazily on its shores. For about ten miles, the canoeist ascends the river lined with palms. There he ceases his paddling for a time and carries his craft up the steep heights beside the rapids which tumble hilariously over the rocks and short precipices. The traveler follows the winding river for many miles among the Ankaratra foothills. Then he enters the Ambolo valley encircled by a fairyland of high mountains, down whose sides merry streams laugh and leap and are turned into terraces of emerald rice paddies.

There, in the center of the broad valley, on the edge of the Manampanihy, lies the village of Ranomafana (hot water), so named from its famous hot springs. Missionary Wm. Trygstad built the Ranomafana mission station in 1909 and called it *Ranovelona* (the spring of living water). From it, the Water of Life is given to the dense Ambolo region.

The Trygstads had suffered severely from malaria at Manafiafy. It was hoped that Ranomafana would be more salubrious, but the fever caused sickness and sorrow in the missionary's family there also. Nevertheless, the work was carried on under the trying conditions. The station church and buildings were completed. The Tambolos flocked to the church and the outstation chapels. We have great hopes for the industrious Tambolos.

Fort Dauphin Evangelist School Graduates and Staff

Training Christian Leaders

The pioneer missionaries planned from the very beginning to build a self-sustaining Malagasy church. The sooner they could train native teachers and evangelists who could go out and preach the Gospel to their own people, the sooner the people would be won for Christ. With this plan in mind, the missionaries searched for young men who would be fitted for this task and opened a training school for workers.

Already in 1889, Missionary Hogstad had begun to train native leaders at Fort Dauphin. The missionaries who followed him stressed the teaching, sending out a fine group of men each year to take up work in the surrounding villages. As a rule the students who entered the school were married and older men. The wives of the students were instructed in the early days by the missionary's wife. Later, women missionaries were given that special work to do.

The training school for workers had many difficulties to face, especially during the time of the closing of the schools by the government in 1906. When more freedom was granted in regard to the operating of mission schools, it was decided to organize an evangelist school and seminary at Fort Dauphin. Missionary Halvorson opened the school in 1909 with forty students in attendance. Homes were put up for the men with families and a large, roomy dormitory and class-room building. Rev. E. A. Rateaver returned to Madagascar in 1911 and became a teacher at the evangelist school. He has been a zealous and gifted school man and has drawn many men into the Christian service.

The Work Among the Women

The first-fruits at most of the mission stations have generally been the men. The women came later, often after much effort to win them. Tender hands of love

are needed to lift them out of their sordid lives into a higher walk with the Lord. With this purpose in view, the Girls' Homes were established. These have been a great blessing to the womanhood of the land and to the native Christian church.

In this large field, the women missionaries have done a service of great sacrifice. Only hard pioneer work could accomplish results. Several laid down their lives for the womanhood of Madagascar.

The condition of the women was deplorable before the conquest. Afterward, however, it became manifold worse. The vices of the white man were added to those of the

Caroline Nilsen

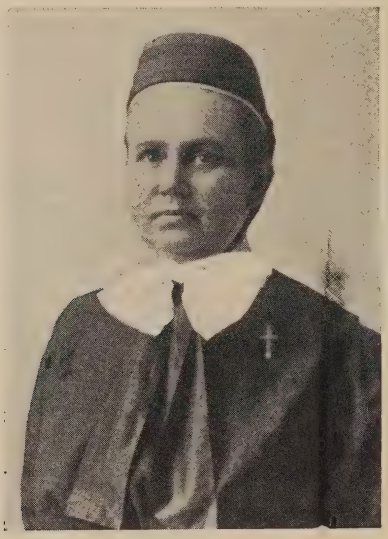
Nellie Dahl

heathen. It was found extremely difficult to keep the Girls' Home at Fort Dauphin. It was for this reason that Skaar gathered materials and Stolee constructed the Girls' School building at Manafiafy (1901-1902). To Miss Emma Dahl was given the task of establishing the home for the girls at the new place.

Sister Jorgine Mjovik succeeded "Mamma Dahl," as the Malagasy called Miss Emma Dahl, but the work and the climate proved too strenuous for Sister Jorgine's health, and so she had to leave the field in 1906. She died in 1907, the first of our missionaries to Madagascar to pass on to the great Reward. She severed all

bonds of country, home, friends, and relatives, turned her back upon all, and became a Malagasy for the Malagasy. She offered herself completely for her dear girls at Manafiafy.

Miss Nellie Dahl came to Manafiafy in 1905. She did much to expand the curriculum and to systematize the school work. The malaria fever attacked her violently



Sister Caroline Thompson

and her life was in great danger. But the Lord restored her to a long and blessed service among the Tanosy young people.

When Sisters Mette Hagen and Caroline Thompson arrived in Madagascar in 1907, they were sent directly to Manafiafy to help Miss Nellie Dahl. Each of these was in charge of the Girls' Home at different times. Sister Mette established the Girls' Home at Behara. Sister

Caroline labored at Fort Dauphin and at Tsivory. Her greatest desire was to bring the Malagasy to Christ, but she was not permitted to continue for more than a term. When in 1917 she was returning from America to Madagascar after her furlough, her steamer, the "City of Athens," struck a mine and was sunk not far from Capetown, South Africa. Sister Caroline's life-boat capsized, and she was taken home to the Lord. The last words she was heard to exclaim were: "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Miss Anna Wilhelmsen, who devoted her talents to the Manafiafy Girls' Home, 1909-1911, was exceptionally warm-hearted and of fine sympathy. The girls said that she had a "good spirit." After her marriage to Rev. Alfred Picard in 1911, she continued her labors of love among the wild Tandroys at Behara. She was often ill, but her zeal for the Malagasy never waned. The Lord called her home in 1917. Her tired body rests in Madagascar, the land she loved so much.

For three years, Sister Anna Stenseth directed the Girls' School. One of her helpers was Marie Magdalena, a product of the school. In 1906 she had been sent with Sister Jorgine Mjovik to minister to the sick missionary on that long, wearisome journey from Madagascar to America. Marie Magdalena lived at our Deaconess Home in Chicago. While there she completed a regular public school course and became proficient in the English language. Best of all, she became more firmly rooted in her knowledge of the Savior. In 1911 she returned to Madagascar where she is a great blessing as a worker among Malagasy girls and women.

The woman missionary's hand is one of healing and sympathy. In the same manner as the Master healed the body before He could minister to the soul, so the missionary nurse gives medicines to the sick and bandages

their wounds. She wins their confidence and thus opens the way for the Gospel message.

When her fellow missionaries suffer from malaria and various other diseases of that trying climate, it is the missionary nurse who comes as a ministering angel to cool the fevered brow and give relief from pain.

The missionary's wife accompanies her husband into the wild unknown country, and shares with him the hard-

Marie Magdalena

ships of new places. She is his faithful companion in the joys and sorrows of the Lord's work. When her home duties permit, she conducts classes for girls and leads the Ladies' Aid. She is often alone, for the missionary spends much time at his outstations. Heathen dances, the beating of drums and weird chants to the evil spirits, keep her awake at night. The oil often runs low in her lamp as she watches over her little children burning with fever. At Ranomafana and Manafiafy are little mounds

where some of these frail small bodies rest. At Fort Dauphin also, God has a garden of little ones whom He took in infancy. Life was too stern for them in that land. Now they are in His keeping.

Twenty-Five Years After Hogstad

They came singing—great white clad throngs—over the plains from Manantenina, through the mountain pass from Ranomafana, along the sandy beach from Manafiafy. They traveled for a week along the winding paths from Tsivory, from the cactus country of Behara, from the fertile lands of Manambaro. They sang as only Malagasy Christians can sing, in full and harmonious tones. The music echoed and re-echoed through the mountains and valleys, and was wafted about the dark as the travelers sat around their camp fires, pouring forth praises to the Lord.

The faces of all were turned toward Fort Dauphin. It was over twenty-five years since Missionary Hogstad had brought the Gospel to their country. During those years they had learned to know of a Savior for the Malagasy, One who brought them out from darkness and death into the light and life. Schools and churches had been built, messengers of the Master were ever spreading the Good Tidings. Now they were going to unite in a service of praise and thanksgiving at Fort Dauphin.

The missionaries would all be there. The great father would be there, sent by the Christians in America. His name was Rev. M. Saterlie. It was he who was the "father and mother" of the missionaries, for he sent them to their country. They would have him see them at their best. So they washed and brushed and rehearsed some more.

As the people gathered, the festive solemnity increased. The services were held in the beautiful Fort Dauphin church which had just been completed. The Christians

were reminded of the early days when the missionaries first came to their shore. In those days some of them were running about the forests with spears in their hands, ready for a fight or an opportunity to carry off their enemies' cattle. They had practiced the most vicious forms of idolatry. Now their lives were changed. The messengers of the Lord had quietly entered their villages and homes. At first they had resisted the message of salvation, but then they had surrendered their hearts to the Heavenly King, the Author of their salvation. The love of the Father had triumphed over their worship of the ancestral spirits and of the *helo* (devil).

These Malagasy children of the Lord prayed their new Master to be with them in the years to come and to make His love known also to their brethren still sitting in darkness. They went home with praises and thanksgiving on their lips. And they had another reason to be glad. The "father" from America whom they had seen with their own eyes, was coming to visit them at their stations. So their homeward way was filled with glad anticipation and they sang as they went: "Praise to the Lord the Almighty, the King of Creation . . ."

The Victorious Advance (1906-1914)

With the passing of the new church law in 1913, which gave Christian worship a legal status in Madagascar, this strenuous and difficult time in the history of our mission closes. A reaction had set in. The Christian Protestants in France had aroused public sentiment against the hindrances placed in the way of the Gospel. God had heard His children's prayers for deliverance.

Though tried and often obstructed, the mission work had made steady advances. Three new stations were occupied, namely, Tsivory, Manambaro, and Ranomafana. The evangelist school and seminary was established at Fort Dauphin. Ten new missionaries had come out to

Missionaries and Friends Assembled for the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Mission, Fort Dauphin, 1914

reinforce the laborers on the field, among whom were three women missionaries. Sister Jorgine Mjovik and J. P. Hogstad had in the meantime passed away.

At the time of the Jubilee festival in 1914, delayed a year in order that Rev. M. Saterlie, the mission secretary, might be present, twelve missionaries were on the field and four were home on furlough. During the period from 1906-1914 the number of baptized had increased from 895 to 2,741. The total enrolment at the schools in 1914 was 2,511 students. In the same year the native congregations contributed $797.00 toward self-support. Truly we had much for which to thank God.

CHAPTER VII

The Opening of Androy

"THE Tandroys are animals," said the Tanosy. "They steal and plunder. They murder. They are not Malagasy like us. They are evil spirits. Woe to anyone who falls into their hands. He is dead—worse than dead." And the heathen Tanosy prayed their departed ancestors to deliver them from the fury of these wicked people of the west.

But Androy was a part of our mission field. The missionaries in Anosyland looked westward at the mountain range separating the two tribes. Their minds saw the two hundred thousand or more unevangelized Tandroys beyond, for whom they were responsible. It was only through them that these dark barbarians could be shown the way out of darkness and death, to Light and Life. So they turned westward and prayed that the Lord would open a way for them into the land of Androy.

In the month of August, 1906, Missionaries Stolee, Bjelde, and Trygstad made the first missionary tour through this country. When they passed through Manambaro, which lies between Fort Dauphin and Androy, the Christians there met them singing hymns. They had heard of the purpose of the missionaries' trip to Androy. They feared that their "white parents" would encounter dangers. "But," said they, "our hearts rejoice that our relatives in the west will soon learn of the Savior."

The French official at Manambaro, however, was far from enthusiastic over the project. "What? Waste time and money for no avail? The Tandroys are wild animals. They will never be Christians; you will soon discover that!"

The missionaries were not easily discouraged. They traveled on westward and crossed the mountain barrier which separates the east from the west, ferns and palms from cactus and thistle, lowland from highland, in short, Anosy from Androy. The fantsiolatra trees reached their long, bare arms toward the sky. The grey, bushy rubber trees made a dense underbrush. Huge cacti (*raketa*) formed large fences and forts along paths and around villages.

Towards evening of the first day while in this district, the missionaries encountered a Tandroy sitting beside the road. He was holding a basket containing a number of eggs. He had been waiting for the party of missionaries to pass, so that he might give them a present. His village lay in the forest, he said, but he had heard of the new "friends" who would tell them of "new things," and so he wanted to express his joy by giving them a present of eggs.

Just at sunset, two other Tandroys came running. What did they want? Oh, they had a chicken to present to the white teacher, if he would please accept it. Their home lay in a village near the mountains yonder. They had heard of the new "white relatives" and had come to bid them welcome. Were these the Tandroy "animals" against whom the missionaries had been warned?

The Androy sun stood high in the north as the missionaries crossed the Mananara river and took the broad road prepared by the government about a half mile up to Behara. It was a beautiful road with vandelika trees, resembling lilacs, and the leafy ara trees, lining both sides of the road. It is from the name of these trees that the town has been called Be-ara (many ara trees).

They visited Tsifolahina (he who cannot be conquered), for he was the king over a large district and had received a large sum of money from the French in order to keep his people quiet. The missionaries told him that they had

come to teach the Tandroys about a loving God, and Tsifolahina said: "Please send us a teacher. We will learn, we and our children."

Bevelo, another big chieftain, also spoke to them: "We want a teacher to instruct us—myself and my ten children first of all." "Yes," said the missionary, "you shall have a teacher as soon as possible."

From Behara, the missionaries traveled on to Ambovombe. It was a long and wearisome journey in rain and mud, over the Mandrare river and the hills beyond. At one time they lost their way and gave a little Tandroy village the surprise of its life by their sudden appearance. The shock was mutual, for, wondered the three white men, were there ever such dirty people! Jean Jacques Rousseau taught that people should return to nature. He should have visited this village and have seen true "children of nature." An old woman was asked if she had ever washed. "Not that I am aware of," she replied. "It is not customary here to wash, and besides we have no water."

In that village cows' milk often took the place of water in preparing and cooking the food. In the center of the town, by the home of the witch doctor, stood a small house, resembling a dove-cote, on a pole. There was another pole beside it, and on this hung the end of a cow's tail. "This house," said the witch doctor to Missionary Stolee, "is for my medicines, and the small house is for my god. In it I have many charms. With them I get many cattle, many children, many wives." He expressed in short the sum total of the Tandroy theology—cattle first and wives last, many cattle and many wives.

There was consternation at the wells of Ambovombe as the large caravan of forty men headed by the three missionaries came over the hills. The Tandroys had come to carry away water in their gourds at the Ambovombe wells, the only wells for about twenty-five miles in every

direction. It was always interesting to linger at the wells, to hear the latest news and to exchange gossip. The sudden appearance of the small army of men and especially the white men, wrought havoc to the friendly visiting. The Tandroys disappeared like frogs in a puddle.

The party stopped at the home of Samoela, the largest house in town. Samoela was a merchant and a Christian, formerly from Manambaro. He sent word to the people of the town that there would be services in his house. And so the name of Jesus was preached by Missionary Stolee for the first time in Ambovombe. The house was crowded. There were many Tandroys outside and several ventured to come within also. They were quiet and respectful, but when the singing began, they broke into laughter. That was the funniest thing they had ever heard in their lives.

At the wells the next day the excitement was great. All talked about the new white men who had come. Just think, they said that they were sent by God and could tell them all about Him. They were powerful witch doctors, of course. The many bags and bundles must be full of witchcraft. And all those shiny boxes (kerosene tins) were full of silver money, without a doubt. If they only dared to steal them! But even a Tandroy did not dare to touch such boxes, lest he fall over dead. Better not have much to do with those who spoke to *Zanahary*.

One of the white men could talk quite well, that is, he spoke like the Tanosy, but they understood the dialect. He seemed to be the spokesman of the three. When he talked with the other two whites, they could not understand a word he said. But at the meeting last night, the spokesman had talked directly to Zanahary in Malagasy. They had been terribly frightened then lest God appear. That would have been dreadful, for He would surely have carried off some of them. The missionary, however,

Water-Carriers at the Ambovombe Well

had said that God was loving and had sent His Son to save them. They had never heard of Him before. The missionary promised to tell more about Him. The missionary had even said that someone would come to live in their town. They hoped that he would come soon. Perhaps he would give them some of the money in the shiny boxes.

The Tandroys questioned the Tanosy carriers from Fort Dauphin very closely. No, these white people were not the dangerous kind. Yes, and they paid for the stuff they bought. They neither threatened nor abused.

It was certainly good that one of them would come to live among them. Would it be the tall one, or the fat one, or the one that was both fat and tall? One of the big chiefs made it his business to speak to the leader for his people.

"You will soon find that the Tanosy are nothing compared to the Tandroys. We are many. From here to the sea are towns, all over."

"Have you many cattle?" asked the missionary.

"Oh, yes, I have a few."

"And are you married?"

"Oh, yes, but not very much."

"How is that?"

"I have only two wives. But Regonaka in Antseky has four hundred oxen, and seven wives, and he is father and mother for the whole country. If he wants your new teaching, then we shall all learn."

There was much talk about the missionaries' visit over on the land east of town. What were they doing there? Placing charms perhaps to prepare the place and make it safe for the new missionary who was to come to live with a new God. Would the God live with him in his home, or would he have a special house all alone? They wondered.

At night when the doors were closed in Samoela's house, and the lamplight streamed through the cracks,

what did the white men do? Those earnest conversations and then the singing. They must be having a talk with their God again.

Yes, that was what they were doing. They were telling their Heavenly Father about the needs of these souls sitting in darkness, beseeching Him to send them Light.

From Ambovombe, the missionaries continued westwards to Ambondro, through a very densely populated

Chief Sanamena

district, then north to Antanimora. At each place they received large gifts of milk, beef, geese, and eggs from the Hova merchants residing in these places. "We thrive here," said they, "we have good water, good air, we have all that is necessary for the body, but our souls find no food. We ask that Jesus may be brought to our towns." So the missionaries said that they would tell the folks in America of their great need, and of the thousands of Tandroys throughout the district.

The tour progressed, south and east over large plains where immense herds of hunchbacked cattle grazed, where hundreds of villages held thousands of Tandroys, on to the largest district of Androy, to Tsihombe. The missionaries conversed with the old and formerly powerful king, Sanamena, about the Living God who had sent them to the Tandroys to tell them of the true "worship" so that they might become "living."

"Oh, that would be well," replied the old king, "for now we are 'dead.' We sacrifice oxen at the foot of the big baobao tree, and we hang silk lambas and silver ornaments on its trunk to satisfy the spirit which dwells there, but we are unhappy; yes, we are truly dead.' Tell us when you will bring the new worship."

At Beloha, near Mahafaliland, the missionaries were astonished at seeing hundreds of people in an open space. There must be a celebration, or perhaps it is market day, thought they. It was neither. It was, instead, people who had come to secure water from the numerous wells dug there in the sand. When the strangers appeared the people scurried like gophers to seek cover behind sand hills or in the deep holes. Such a visit could bode only evil, they thought. But they soon learned of the true reasons for the white men's coming. Then their fears vanished, and they begged the missionaries to send someone to them with "living water." They knew the value of water for their bodies. They must go eight or ten miles every day to get it. But their souls were also very parched, and they had not yet found the Source for quenching that thirst.

From Beloha the journey turned northwards to Bekitro and beyond, with the Bara mountains near on the left and Androy on the south. At Tsivory there was no resident missionary, but the station house, built by Missionary Jorgensen, was very inviting and much appreciated by the travelers after nearly a month in the wilds.

Through Esira and Fialiana, over high mountains, deep valleys, and rivers, through Ranomafana with more precipices and deep streams, the missionary explorers hastened home to Ft. Dauphin.

On August 27th the tour came to an end. The Lord had blessed it with His protection and guidance, and especially with a revelation of His vast fields not yet touched by the Gospel. The missionaries had had a vision of about 200,000 souls who sorely needed the Savior.

Plans were made immediately for the opening of Behara station, and Trygstad was chosen to serve as the first missionary of Androy. But in place of the joy of carrying the Gospel into new territory, a heavy damper was placed upon the missionaries' hearts. The petition to open the work in Androy was refused. The reason given was that the Tandroy tribe was too savage and dangerous for white men to live amongst.

Reinforcements Arrive

Great was the encouragement during the year 1915 and 1917 when two large groups of missionaries came to the field. In 1915, Rev. S. Tverberg arrived and was sent to Behara; Rev. R. C. Cartford to Manafiafy; Rev. J. K. Krogh to Manantenina; Miss Ingrid Nakling to Manantenina; and Miss Clara Dysland to the American School. Then in 1917, Rev. David Lovaas was sent to Manafiafy; Rev. K. F. Braaten to Ambovombe and later to the Evangelist School; and Sister Oline Egesdal to Ranomafana.

The Doors Open

Behara

Rev. P. A. Bjelde came the long, wearisome journey, under a burning sun, over the mountain from Manambaro to Behara, to clear the land for the new station compound. He bought materials for a house and super-

vised the masons and carpenters. All these duties are a necessary but fatiguing part of a missionary's program. This was in the year 1911. There was nobody present to bid him welcome. Tandroys were numerous, but at the appearance of the white men they disappeared among the cacti like frightened fledglings, and so it was difficult to get into contact with them. However, Tsifolahina had not forgotten the white "relatives" who had visited them five years previously. He and his sons were the missionary's friends, and were a means of persuading large

Dispensory Work at Behara

numbers to have confidence in the messengers of the new "worship."

Rev. Alfred Picard came to Behara in December, 1912. That year for the first time a Christmas tree was lit in Androy. The small church improvised from a shack became entirely too small. Large numbers of wild Tandroys looked in through the doorway and the holes in the walls which served as windows. The natives had never before seen such a marvel as the Christmas tree.

The first Sunday about twenty persons attended the morning worship, held in the carpenters' shop, a grass roof supported on high poles. After two years the number had increased, often as many as 250 coming to church. By that time, the station church was nearly completed and was being used. It was constructed from stones and mud from the vicinity so that its red brick color harmonized with the ground, which is red at Behara. It was made large and airy so that hundreds could gather there. Nevertheless, it is often very much too small.

It was in 1914 that a certain Tandroy came to the Behara station, bringing his wife and three children. These folks had been friendly to the missionary for some time, and had made some attempts at learning. The husband could read, and had received a Bible History.

This Tandroy was a merchant in a little village near the Mandrare river, but his greatest income was from his arts as a witch doctor.

One evening, after having placed his charms and the Bible History under his pillow, he lay down. While sleeping, he heard a voice saying to him: "These two things cannot be united. You must choose. You cannot keep them both."

A big struggle took place in his soul. What should he do? Which one should he choose?

He was unable to sleep any longer, but had to make his decision. At cockcrow he rose quietly. He took his

charms and threw them far into the nearby thick hedge of cacti. He had taken the first step, but much remained to be done.

It was then he came to the missionary. "Keep me here," he said. "I'm afraid to return to my home. I shake in my hut when I hear them dance and perform the other heathen ceremonies."

He continued to learn, and at the time that M. Saterlie visited Behara, this Tandroy and his family were baptized. After the baptismal service his wife, who was his twentieth, said: "Now our family will continue to exist, and I need not fear being driven away with my children."

When the World War was declared Picard was called away from Behara to do military service in Tananarive. Miss Nellie Dahl lived at Behara and directed the work for six months (1915). She was succeeded by S. Tverberg, who had just arrived on the field. Tverberg's name has become linked with that of Androy. He has served at Behara for fifteen years. Rev. Johan F. Ylvisaker labored at Behara while the Tverbergs were home on furlough. When illness compelled the Ylvisakers to leave Madagascar for Africa, Tverberg returned to the field. For some time he also directed the work at Ambovombe and Antanimora. Through the efforts of Tverberg the church was completed, a Girls' Home and a large Primary School were constructed, and fifteen substations were opened in the large Behara district of about 250 square miles.

Ambovombe

On a large, fertile plain with green meadows and flourishing fields, like an oasis in that immense area of thorny shrubbery and dry lands, lies Ambovombe. The name, meaning "many wells," has come from the fact that many

Ambovombe Church

wells are dug there. In the early grey dawn the many roads, extending from Ambovombe like the spokes of a wheel, are filled with long lines of people and cattle. All meet at the wells to get the day's water supply. There are hundreds, all anxious to get near the wells. The strongest win out, the weaker must wait, be they herdsmen or cattle. The women fill their gourds and balance them on their heads; the cattle finish drinking, and all wend their way homewards again, over the hills into the prickly bush and arid places.

The joy among the missionaries was great in 1918 when the government finally granted the authorization for the church in Ambovombe. Missionary Torvik was assigned the construction of the buildings for the new station. He lived alone in a native house infested with bugs and mice and rats, which ate his food and books and kept him company by night. But the Lord upheld him, and the work progressed.

The Well

The missionary found that a well was the first and greatest need for the growing Christian community, since the wells of the town were far from sufficient for the needs of the people. The Mission Well at Ambovombe has a story much like that of the well Missionary Paton dug in the New Hebrides.

The government had attempted to sink several wells in the vicinity, but was unsuccessful. Either they did not find water, or the water was salty. The government had a drill by which one could tell whether there would be water or not, but this instrument was not available for the missionary. So with faith in God a place was selected. A ring forty feet in diameter was marked out near the future missionary's dwelling. It was difficult work, with inexperienced laborers using only simple planting spades. "The forty-foot hole contained an end-

less amount of soil," said the Tandroys. The agile missionary encouraged them to keep on. As the hole decreased in width at each terrace, the depth increased. K. F. Braaten, who had just arrived on the field, assisted in directing the twenty diggers. They dug and chopped, through layer after layer of sand and clay and stone, for over two months. The missionary began to fear. The loss of money would be felt keenly, but the mockery of the heathen would be worse. Then one day when they had gone down about seventy-two feet they struck a layer of wet sand. Then the Tandroy workers began the wild *berida* dance, and there was a great noise of drums and clapping of hands, in rhythm with the heels beating the ground. Soon the six-foot layer of sand was penetrated. Instead of water they found a hard crust and the courage of all sank again. However, when they had dug through this, they struck wet sand again. The hole filled with water. It was good water, or *matavy* as the Tandroys called it. Again the diggers began their dance, more wild than before. But the missionaries thanked their faithful Lord, who had helped them and caused water to flow forth in the dry place. They praised Him for that which was the first requisite of existence in Androy—water.

A congregation in Wisconsin, lovers of the mission cause, later sent a windmill for the Ambovombe well. In the eyes of the Malagasy it is a miraculous tower and a monument of the miracle of the well. This is especially true to the large number who carry away their daily supply of water. It also affords them an opportunity to listen to the Word of God as it is told each day by the evangelist at the well. He tells them the stories of the Gospel which they carry home with them in their hearts.

Upon the completion of the well, a comfortable house for the missionary was put up and materials for the station church were gathered. When David Lovaas came

there as a resident missionary in 1921, the parish work was extended and the beautiful church completed. It is a very flourishing center of mission activity, drawing hundreds every year to the Lord in Baptism.

Bekily

Bekily lies in the northwestern corner of our mission field, with an open view in all directions. Far off in the distance to the east, north, and west, one sees the blue mountains. Toward the south there is an open plain as far as the eye can reach. This plain is cut through by the Menaranda River which has its source in the Bara mountains. At Bekily, the river meanders about the town, almost completely encircling it.

The town of Bekily is not in Androy proper, but lies on its northern border. It has a mixed population of about 12,000 Tandroys, 9,500 Tanalas, and 6,000 Tanosy, besides Hova and Betsileo merchants and craftsmen. Our mission work at Bekily includes two other large centers, Tranoroa and Bekitro, both very important towns.

While Nesdal lived at Tsivory, he opened up mission work at Bekily, a strenuous three days' journey away. He was able to secure land for the future buildings, and built the station church.

When Cartford came there in 1921, he constructed the missionary's residence and other mission buildings. The gathering of materials was in itself a wearisome task, and the so-called carpenters knew very little about hammers and nails. The missionary must be a wise buyer, an expert at transport, and a carpenter.

Tsihombe

The old king, Sanamena, continued to offer sacrifices to the great baobao tree, as he had in 1906 when Stolee, Bjelde, and Trygstad visited him, for the missionaries

Women Missionaries

Left to right—M. Stevenson, D. Gulbranson, A. Haugen, M. Hagen, L. Olson, B. Rorstad, N. Dahl, A. Gjernes, I. Nakling, C. Dysland, L. Peterson, A. England, C. Thompson, E. Ness

did not return to teach him and his tribe the "new worship."

The Tandroys remained "dead," and many died and were buried with their ancestors in large heaps of stones.

In 1914 Saterlie, Torvik, and Sister Mette Hagen visited Tsihombe. Large crowds came to attend the services, and they again begged that a missionary be sent to them.

Seven years passed by. Then in 1920 the government granted an authorization to build a church there. The people were happy, and the missionaries rejoiced. But their joy was soon blended with sadness, for there was no missionary to send to Tsihombe. The missionaries from Ambovombe came as often as possible under a terrific sun to preach the Gospel to them, but many duties at their own station did not permit frequent visits. Rev. O. P. Stavaas came from Bekily and began the construction of the missionary's home.

It was in 1927 that the prayers of Tsihombe were heard, and the Lord sent them a missionary, Rev. O. L. Hofstad. The people were glad and immediately began to raise money and material and built a fine large church. The missionary's house was completed, on a high slope beside the town.

Hundreds of villages surround Tsihombe, and the Light of Salvation is beginning to radiate from the new mission station, penetrating into the midst of thousands, giving them Hope and Life.

*

Across the road, in the woods, stands the old baobao tree. The natives do not worship there any more, for the witch doctor said that the evil spirit left it when the missionary came so near.

Blessed Years of Service

The large number of new missionaries who came out in 1915 and again in 1917, strengthened the work and greatly encouraged those who were laboring on the field. Since the close of the World War there has been a steady flow of new missionaries to Madagascar. Some have taken the places of older missionaries who have passed away or have been compelled to leave the field because of illness. Others have struck out into new places and opened up fields which have never before heard the Gospel message. May the Lord of the Harvest continue to add His blessings to their labors.

The following is a list of new missionaries from our Church who have left for Madagascar during the period 1919-1932:

Name	Left America	Stationed	Remarks
K. Monson	1919	Tsivory, Bekily, Evangelist School.	
Celia Thompson	1919	American School.	
Sister Ella Ness	1920	Manafiafy Girls' School. Tsivory, Fort Dauphin.	
O. P. Stavaas	1920	Manafiafy, Bekily, Ambovombe, Bible School at Ambovombe.	
Anena Christensen	1920	American School.	
Sister Laura Peterson	1921	Tsivory.	
J. F. Ylvisaker	1921	Behara, to Zululand, 1925.	
Olaf Carlson	1921	Manambaro, Ambovombe, Manantenina.	
Marie Torgerson	1921	American School.	
Sister Anna Gjernes	1922	Behara, Manantenina.	
T. F. Braaten	1922	Bekily, Ambovombe.	
C. P. Rasmussen	1923	Ambovombe, to America, 1925.	
Sister Clara Fremming	1923	Fort Dauphin, to America, 1926.	
P. B. Stolee	1924	Manantantely Boys' School.	
Constance Stolee	1924	Manafiafy Girls' School, married to A. S. Burgess, 1928.	
Alta Hougen	1924	Manantantely Boys' School, Fort Dauphin.	
Cora Anderson	1924	Fort Dauphin, to America, 1927. Died in America, 1927.	

Laura Olson	1925	American School, Manafiafy. Girls' School.
O. L. Hofstad	1925	Ambovombe, Tsihombe.
A. S. Burgess	1926	Manafiafy, Behara.
Mayme Stevenson	1927	Manafiafy Girls' School, Manambaro.
Agnette Haugen	1927	Behara.
Agnes England	1927	American School, Manafiafy Girls' School.
F. S. Hallanger	1928	Manantantely Boys' School.
Bertha Rorstad	1930	American School.
Dora Gulbranson	1930	American School.
Lyla Sivesind	1930	Manantantely Boys' School.

CHAPTER VIII

The New Tribe

From the East Coast where the Indian Ocean washes the long white strand, over palmy plains, beyond the majestic Ankaratra mountains, through valleys, and over vast scorching sands interspersed by thorns and thistles, to the broad prairies of the west, touching the border of the Bara land, the messengers of the Gospel have pressed forward with steadfast purpose. New stations have become old, new ones have been built, each becoming a nucleus for from five to forty congregations. At each sub-station a small church has been built, from bark and palm leaves in the east; from mud and boards in the west. In this building the congregation meets for worship. An evangelist lives near the church and teaches the people.

The New Worship

Saturday is wash day in Madagascar. School boys and school girls, mothers and sisters, place bundles of soiled clothing on their heads and march to the river to do the weekly washing. By the aid of strong soap and much pounding and abuse, the garments take on a lighter hue. They are rinsed generously in the stream, and hung on the bushes to dry. Thereupon follows the Saturday bath for the people in the river, all the time keeping a sharp look-out for crocodiles which stick their heads up out of the dark pools.

The Christians prepare for the day of worship. Very few homes have clocks, but in the larger places the church bell rings at seven in the morning. The music of the bell is wafted afar, and re-echoes over hills and valleys. The

Christians then don their clean garment, often consisting of only a dress or a long shirt.

The heathen hears the sound of the bell as he sits in the shadow of his hut. "It is Sunday," says he, "today the Christians pray. Let us go over and hear the singing." He girds his filthy loincloth more tightly about him, and he is ready.

At half-past seven the bell rings again. "Time to start"—and on every path leading to the church, people wend their way to the morning services.

At eight the bell announces the entrance of the pastor, carrying his Bible. Solemnity reigns, for they are in God's house. In Madagascar the church is, indeed, the singing church. The old Christian hymns are sung with power and harmony.

In the villages about, a school boy's whistle or seashell calls the people to worship. In these small congregations the evangelist leads the services and preaches, and as frequently as possible the Malagasy pastor and missionary visit them.

So, every Sunday morning, at eight, the people gather to praise the Savior, in the two hundred congregations of our field.

Avia ry Fanahy Masin'o (Come, O Holy Spirit), they sing and pray. Following the services there is Sunday School for young and old; Christians, catechumens, and unbaptized. Five evenings of the week the evangelist instructs the people in the Catechism, Bible History, Bible reading, and singing.

Every Wednesday evening the church bell calls, *mivavaha, mivavaha* (pray, pray). School boys and school girls, teachers and other Christians gather at the church for the prayer hour. There are many who confess and pray to the Lord at the weekly prayer meetings. This communion with the Lord and fellowship with other Christians gives them much strength.

Ampasampolika Outstation with Church and Congregation

Missionary Instructing a Class of Boys

Thursday is the day of the Ladies' Aid. The women spin, plait mats, sew, and embroider. They bring their centimes for the collection. The Christian women take turns having devotions. Time is often spent in teaching the Bible to the heathen women present.

Twice a year the Ladies' Aid and the Men's Society have a harvest festival. There are large baskets of garments made by the women. As we arrive at the school house where the sale is to be held, we see a goat and a couple of pigs tied outside the door. Sometimes there is also an ox. In the aisles are chickens, geese, and turkeys with their legs tied together and trying to get loose. There are baskets of sweet potatoes, corn, and rice. In a corner is a pen made from bundles of firewood brought by the mission boys, and inside the enclosure are turtles. These have been found out in the woods and brought by those who do not have anything else to give. Everybody must donate something. The money gathered by the Ladies' Aid and Men's Society is used to help poorer congregations build churches, and pay the congregational expenses.

The Young People's Society is an active organization of the Malagasy church. The young people work diligently to present good Christian programs twice a month. At the circuit meetings the young people come from all the other stations of the circuit and are given a prominent place on the program. Especially do they furnish music and singing. The young people are beginning to make their organization a missionary endeavor. At one station they support an orphan in the mission school, and at another they prepare programs and deliver them in the surrounding villages.

Training the Youth of the Land

Bright spots of the mission are the eleven primary schools with about 1,300 pupils in attendance. We have

Manantantely Boys' School and Normal

such schools only at the main stations, but we hope to have them at other large centers also. In them the children learn the public school subjects, but religion is taught daily in class, in devotions, and in singing. When we see the large numbers of happy boys and girls in our primary schools, we are hopeful for the future, for these children are brought up in a wholesome Christian atmosphere.

The Higher School for Girls

At the Manafiafy Girls' School an advanced course has been begun in Bible Study, Industrial Work, Home Making, and Normal Preparatory. This was instituted to care for the many girls who were confirmed and had completed the regular requirements of the school, but had no Christian home. Now these girls employ their time very usefully in study and handicrafts, all of which will be of great value in their future homes.

It has been our joy to visit such Christian homes, often in the heathen villages. There are clean mats on the floor, the children wear clothes which the mother learned to sew at the Girls' School. There are Bible pictures on the walls; the hymn book and the Bible on the shelf are used in daily devotions. There is a spirit of cheerfulness about the home. They are God's candle in that village.

The new buildings at Manafiafy which have replaced the old fallen-down structures, have been sponsored entirely by the Women's Missionary Federation of our Home Church. The house for the directress of the school is the Sister Caroline Memorial.

Manantantely Boys' School and Normal

In 1921 the Boys' School was moved from the cramped quarters at Fort Dauphin to a beautiful and spacious "farm" at Manantantely, about seven miles west. The

Industrial Work at the Manafiafy Girls' School

Primary department is maintained and those who show progress continue in the Normal department. The teachers of the Primary schools are graduates of the Manantantely Normal and have State Diplomas. The government examinations which the candidates must pass are severe. Those who do not succeed in these examinations are given other useful occupations in the Mission. Some teach at the preparatory schools. One able boy has learned to operate the mission printing press at Manantantely and is thus of great help to the missionary located there.

Fort Dauphin Evangelist School

Young men who feel called to serve the Master in His Vineyard as evangelists, attend the preparatory schools which are located at each of the mission stations. There they are given an elementary education and are grounded in the Bible. This is a three-year course. The missionary spends much time and effort at this school, nurturing and training these men in the Word of God.

Having completed the preparatory course, the graduates on the eastern field enter the Evangelist School at Fort Dauphin. The work of the preparatory school is continued. Bible study, doctrine, and practical work receive special attention. After completing the three-year course, these men are sent as evangelists to the outlying villages.

Ambovombe Bible School

The students from the preparatory schools in Androy formerly attended the Fort Dauphin Evangelist School. But the damp coast climate and the long distance were immense barriers to training Tandroys for Androy. In 1929 the Bible School was opened in Ambovombe by Rev. Oscar P. Stavaas, with the purpose and hope that many more workers would be trained for the immense tracts of mission field in the west where no work

has yet been done. This will release the many Tanosy evangelists in Androy who are sorely needed to carry on the teaching among their own tribe in Anosy of the east.

Pastors and Evangelists

Very often the evangelist comes from a heathen home, fettered by heathen customs and beliefs. He has come into contact with the missionary or mission worker, and

Class at the Evangelist School, Fort Dauphin

learns about Jesus. He attends the station preparatory school, and later the Evangelist School or Bible School. He wishes to share the new joy with his fellow men, and so he is sent out to a village to teach and to preach. He is often alone, very much alone. The heathen customs of the village are those that used to bind him; the practices around him are those of his own childhood.

Many an evangelist is a hero. In truth, he suffers a living martyrdom for his faith. The witch doctor is his enemy and stirs up the village against him. His kettle is stolen, and cattle are let into his garden patch. At Beandry, one of our sub-stations, the evangelist's child was given a piece of poisoned honey by the witch doctor's agent and the child died before medical aid could be procured. Manoel, however, did not give up the work. Driven from one village, he continued in another. He is now a trained pastor and often visits and preaches in Beandry. There are many such cases.

It is not strange that some native workers give up in despair and return to their home villages to till the soil and herd cattle. The Malagasy evangelist should be remembered with much prayer that he may persevere and bring the Gospel to his own people. The number of evangelists is 197 for 140 organized congregations, and over 400 preaching places, and is far from sufficient to meet the needs of the large unoccupied fields.

Men like Manoel who have been tested by many years of long and faithful service as evangelists or teachers are sent to Ivory to be trained as pastors. We have at present eighteen native pastors in our mission. These are placed at the main stations and also as heads of smaller districts directing from five to ten evangelists, who labor in as many villages. They thus hold positions of high responsibility, and we find that they are true, spirit-filled shepherds.

Self Support and Self Government

When Missionary Hogstad began mission work at Fort Dauphin, he was compelled to labor among the little flock of Hova Christians he found at the military post. These people were church members because their queen was a Christian. To be loyal subjects, they must attend the mission schools. A great deal of the missionary's time

Conference of Pastors, Teachers and Missionaries

was used in religious instruction. The people acquired a knowledge of religion but their hearts were left untouched. There was little conversion. If the missionary could persuade a few of the Tanosy children to go to school or their parents to study for baptism, he was very glad.

With a congregation made up of such members, it was hard to inculcate the idea of self support. The Christians thought they had done the missionary a great favor when they had actually attended services. To give money to the church would mean that they were buying their religion, and didn't the Lord say that salvation was free? The Christians did not like the word *rakitra* (offering).

The fall of the Hova rule was like letting a flock of people out of prison. The Christians said that now that the French ruled the country, they would not have to attend church any more. "To go to school is *forced labor* commanded by the Hovas; now we are free," the Tanosy people said. A Sunday market was opened and a great many church members left the schools and churches and went back into heathendom.

This falling away of insincere Christians caused the Church to be purified. Into its consciousness there entered the thought of the true church. Efforts were made to raise funds for church work, but they did not amount to anything. In 1905 an organized effort was made to do something definite. The congregation decided to send and support an evangelist at Ranofotsy, in the land of the Tatsimos to the west. This was to them a great heathen country and the evangelist was to be their missionary. The same was true at Manafiafy when they sent Solomon into the Volobe district. The total receipts for self support that year at all the stations was about three hundred dollars.

At the district meetings some time was set aside to talk about the Christian's duty toward the unevangelized.

In the matter of self support of the Malagasy Church, the missionaries had the principle that self support and native control should go hand in hand. In proportion as the church grew spiritually and the self support increased, so would also the control be given over to them.

The idea of self support grew, and each year there was a steady increase in the amount given for the Lord's work. In 1918, the total native contributions amounted to $1,537, and in 1919 it had gone up to $2,223. One of the first activities of the native church in self support was to provide for the poor in their midst and, if possible, an evangelist to teach them. Later it was decided that the Malagasy church should also support the Evangelist School. Here they could unite in a common work. Besides this, each congregation had the building of churches and schools in its own district as its aim. Many fine churches and schools were built entirely from funds gathered by the Christians.

The first congregation to take over the complete support of their evangelists was the Fort Dauphin congregation in 1930. The example of Fort Dauphin will soon be followed by other stations. The ideal which the native congregations have before them is complete support of all of their work outside of the missionaries' salaries. In 1930 the total amount given for self support on the field was 80,000 francs, or $3,200.

Native Self Government

Steps have been made also toward a self-governing Malagasy Church. In 1924 the *Comite Mixte* was organized. It is composed of seven native members chosen by the yearly meeting of the native church and three missionaries chosen by the Mission Conference. They discuss all practical problems concerning the schools and the congregational work and formulate proposals for the missionary conference.

The first Pastoral Conference held at Behara in 1930 was another step in promoting a self-governing Malagasy Church. All the Christian leaders, the native pastors, teachers of higher schools, and missionaries met to consider all things which could be done to promote the Malagasy Church. Such conferences will be held every two years.

The *Comite Mixte* and the Pastoral Conference are steps toward the realization of the Lutheran Church of Madagascar, where the native Christian Church will have its own organization and the missionaries will be advisory members only. They will decide all the matters concerning the schools and congregations in the self-supporting districts, the placing of the native pastors and evangelists, and the salary schedules. We hope the time is not far distant when this will be realized.

The Lutheran Church in Madagascar

The three Lutheran missions felt the need of a closer union so that their common problems could be discussed and mutual help rendered. The first Inter-Lutheran Conference was organized at Fianarantsoa in 1924. Missionaries and Malagasy leaders were delegates. The conference meets every three years. Some of the activities promoted by this organization are the "Union Hymn Book," a unified liturgy, and the *Mpamangy,* a Malagasy Church paper. In the future, the Inter-Lutheran Conference will become the organization of the Lutheran Church of Madagascar.

Inter-Lutheran Seminary at Ivory

On a beautiful location, half an hour's distance from Fianarantsoa, is the Inter-Lutheran Seminary. The campus is surrounded by a grove of stately eucalyptus trees and in its midst is the spacious seminary building. This school trains the Malagasy pastors for the large Norwe-

Inter-Lutheran Seminary, Ivory, Staff and Graduating Class

First Inter-Lutheran Conference held at Fianarantsoa

gian Missionary Society, the Lutheran Free Church, and our Church, and is supported by these missions. Rev. Sivert Nesdal, D.D., is our representative on the faculty.

In the beautiful chapel, we saw students and their wives gathered for their morning devotions. They belonged to eight different tribes—*Hova, Vakinakaratra, Betsileo, Tanala, Bara, Taimora, Tanosy,* and *Sakalava.* These young men who had come from different tribes, will return to their homes and preach the Gospel. It is a marvel in our eyes, to see these who recently were enemies through tribal hatred now turned into one family of Malagasy. It is Jesus Christ, who has by His great sacrifice drawn these tribes together and united them into one body. They are *the new tribe* of Madagascar, a family united in one faith in the Savior of all peoples by the bond of Peace and Love.

The fields of the three Lutheran missions cover all the southern half of the island. Their combined missionary personnel is about one hundred and twenty-two members. There are over one hundred and twenty-five thousand Lutheran Christians. In their district there are still about one and a half million unbaptized Malagasy. Much work remains before the goal, *the evangelization of south Madagascar by the Lutheran Church,* is attained. We can go forward with greater enthusiasm and zeal when we remember the work which has already been accomplished. There are few mission fields in the world where there are more wonderful results than in Madagascar.

The Lutheran Free Church

The missionaries of the Lutheran Free Church have been closely associated with our missionaries in south Madagascar. They have enjoyed the warmest fellowship in their common undertaking. When the mission field was divided in 1894, Rev. Erik H. Tou remained at Manasoa in the service of the Lutheran Free Church.

The work at that station was still in its pioneer stage. The missionary had to travel to the coast once or twice a year to secure supplies. He encountered great dangers from the savage clans who lived along the Onilahy river. His wife remained alone at the station when her husband was absent on such trips. "Are you never afraid when you are alone?" she was asked.

"No," she replied, "I read one of the many beautiful Psalms of the Bible, commit myself into the Lord's keeping, then I sleep soundly and without fear."

J. B. Jerstad

J. O. Dyrnes

Trials

In 1901, Mrs. Tou died and she rests at Manasoa, committed to the keeping of Him who was with her and sustained her throughout the years she served Him at that outpost.

Three years previously, the first missionary of the Lutheran Free Church succumbed to the climate of the West Coast. Sister Pernille Pederson passed away in 1898. Sister Caroline Olsen continued Sister Pernille's work for two years, then she was laid to rest at Manasoa also. Mrs. John B. Hoigaard died in 1900; Mr. N. A. Hatlem in 1900; Sister Milla Larson in 1902; Mrs. H. O. Sageng in 1904.

One reason for the large death toll was the poor dwellings. For ten years the missionaries lived in Malagasy reed houses. The burning tropical sun and the humidity caused sickness and death. Another reason was overwork. Direct mission work was begun by the missionaries as soon as they arrived on the field. The lack of reinforcements from home caused much suffering to these early pioneers. The cemetery at Manasoa where *seven missionaries* were laid to rest in ten years testifies to the heroism and sacrifices of the frontier men and women of that mission.

Rev. John B. Jerstad arrived in 1898 and was stationed at Vohimary. His first efforts were put into building a home. In a year the house was completed. The missionary rejoiced that he was then able to do more direct mission work. On Sunday they had an all day service for the Malagasy Christians of the district. The missionaries gathered about the table in their new home. Before the meal was completed, flames shot through the walls of the house and soon the building was a pile of ashes. That evening two tired missionaries came to Manasoa to seek shelter and the necessities of life in Hoigaard's reed house.

Those were years of severe trials. The mission station at Manasoa burned down in 1901. In 1902, Mr. and Mrs. Ludvig Pederson left the field due to illness. Tou bade farewell to the mission field in 1903. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Jorgensen also left (1904), broken in health.

Progress

In spite of these discouragements, the Lord's work made progress. Jerstad opened up a new field of work among the savage *Mahafaly* during the year 1901 and became the first missionary to the *Mahafaly* tribe. He has written about those days: "I was tired from the journey and sat down on one of my baggage chests, and then

centered my attention on my new field of labor and thought—shall I be able to bring sheaves to the Lord from this barren land? Shall I hear songs of praise from this region where the war-whoop has sounded so long, where the weapons of murder have reigned for unknown ages? Yes, in the Lord's name, I shall be able."

Where They Rest from Their Labors, Manasoa

His faith and his prayers were answered. The next year, six adults were baptized and five of these were *Mahafaly*. This was the beginning of a great advance movement on the part of the missionaries into the unoccupied fields south of Manasoa.

Dr. J. O. Dyrnes left for Madagascar in 1899, started a hospital and began a blessed medical service. In 1904,

the first two Malagasy pastors were ordained. The Girls' Home had 33 pupils and was directed by two women missionaries, Sisters Caroline Undhjem and Henriette Nilsen.

There were three stations at that time (1904) : Manasoa in Tanosy built by Tou; Manasoa in Mahafaly built by Jerstad; and St. Augustin built by the Norwegian Missionary Society. The three districts were large, and yet Dr. Dyrnes and Jerstad were at different times sole missionaries on the whole field. When Jerstad had to leave on his furlough (1907), Dr. Dyrnes directed the work on the whole field and in one year traveled 1,900 miles by mule team in his ministry of souls.

After ten years on the field, Dr. Dyrnes left for America (1910) on a well earned furlough. The Jerstads were left alone. The last of the year, Rev. Olai M. Molvik arrived. Jerstad was happy in the thought that as soon as Dr. Dyrnes returned the three stations would each have a missionary and that they were in the midst of a great harvest. Before this anticipation was realized, he took ill with dysentery and passed away May 30, 1911, and rests beside the many faithful witnesses who went on before him at Manasoa.

Dr. Dyrnes had studied the whole winter at Paris and had passed the required examinations for medical practice in French colonies. But as soon as he heard of Jerstad's death, he hurried back to the field without completing his furlough. Dr. Dyrnes is now the veteran missionary in this mission, having served there more than thirty years. He is the only medical missionary on the whole island. Pernicious malaria fever has laid him at death's door many times, but he has recovered to continue his blessed services for the souls and bodies of the Malagasy. His fame has spread over the whole island. Even the most powerful witch doctors say to their heathen followers, "We can do noth-

ing compared to Dr. Dyrnes, for the God of the Christians is with him."

Expansion

During the latter years, the Lutheran Free Church has experienced a remarkable period of expansion. Main stations were opened at Ampanihy, Bezaha, Betroka, Betioky, Tongobory, Isoanala, and Benenitra. A Normal School was started at Manasoa. New missionaries who have strengthened the forces on the field are: the Sisters Petra Peterson and Milla Pederson, Miss Ragna Dahl (died 1919) and Miss Inga Helland; the ordained missionaries, A. W. Halland, O. A. Asheim, A. Hanson, M. A. Helland, M. G. Vaagenes and Caleb Quambeck. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Nygaard sailed for the field in 1917. Their steamer, the "City of Athens," was sunk by a mine near Capetown and they were lost at the same time as Sister Caroline Thompson of our mission.

The total number of Baptisms have increased from 875 in 1913 to 3,467 in 1930. The native workers number 94. May the day soon come when the Lutheran Free Church Mission and our mission in Madagascar will unite forces and with increased strength and enthusiasm go forward to win many more souls for the Master.

The beginnings were difficult. The Lord has come to stay among the *Mahafaly* and *Tanosy* of the west. In that arid field a strong church of Christians is growing up, fruit from the seeds which were sown in hardship. Neither tropical heat, nor fever, nor death has daunted the zeal of His missionaries. We can truly say of His church in southwest Madagascar, "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The American School

The misionary's home and family is a powerful testimony of love and purity to the Malagasy. The quiet

Christian home life of the messenger of the Gospel is more effective than many sermons.

The missionary who is far from his own country and relatives finds his family a very special source of joy and strength. But he is soon brought to face a serious problem. Shall his children be left to mingle freely with their heathen neighbors, full of sores and terrible diseases and speaking words which only the sordidness of heathendom can bring forth? When the child becomes of school age, the parents wonder what can be done about its education.

In the year 1915 there were enough missionaries' children to make a school. Miss Clara Dysland was called as the first teacher of this institution. As the number increased, it was found necessary to have a special building for the children at Fort Dauphin where they could be while their parents were at the stations. In 1923 Rev. P. A. Bjelde completed a comfortable and cheery home and school for them, a place where the missionary could send his little ones to be kept, guarded, and instructed in a Christian atmosphere throughout the year. The parents find the separation from their children hard, but they anticipate a happy reunion with them every school vacation.

They are glad they have a specially gifted matron, Miss Celia Thompson at the Home. Miss Dysland has continued as teacher at the school from the beginning. Miss Anena Christensen came to her assistance in 1920 and remained until 1923, when Miss Marie Torgerson took her place. With two teachers it was possible to add a junior high school. In 1930 the Misses Bertha Rorstad and Dora Gulbranson arrived. Then a full high school course was instituted with Miss Rorstad as the principal.

Our fellow workers, the matron and teachers of the missionaries' children, have a very special mission. The work is strenuous in a tropical climate and far from modern equipment, but they are keeping the standard of the

The Village of Manafiafy

school high. To them we owe much gratitude for their devoted service.

The New Awakening

Over a hundred years ago mission work was begun in Tananarive, above fifty years ago in Betsileo, and about twenty in Androy. The Lord is now raising up powerful witnesses for Himself in the old and the new districts. They are the prophets of the new tribe.

Ravelonjanahary

Ravelonjanahary lives in a village of only twenty-five huts, called Ifanda of Betsileo. She is about sixty years old, with somewhat furrowed brow, and her hair is greying at the temples. She is short of stature and unassuming. Her face shows a strong character and her keen eyes seem to penetrate into the very depths of people's hearts.

Her blessed labors have continued for over twenty years. She had little publicity in the early days. Now,

however, the masses are seeking her from every corner of the island for healing, both physical and spiritual. There have been upwards of five hundred waiting to speak with her, and only thirty to forty can be received in one day. They come walking or driving, and many are being carried. They await their turn.

She has been given the power of healing. The spiritual healing always precedes the physical. Her patients are strangers to her, but she seems to know their conditions and needs. "The Lord can do nothing for you until you have arranged your family affairs," or "until you have confessed that you cheated in business," or "that you are bound by heathen customs." She prays several times with the individual. Blind have received their sight, and the lame walk. The healing of the body does not always succeed, although such miracles take place every day. The spiritual blessings are always great. Many Christian workers visit her and they return to their own local communities and labor with deeper understanding of the Gospel and a stronger desire to further the Lord's cause.

Radzaofera visited Ravelonjanahary, received healing of body and soul. He became an evangelist of power in the Vakinakaritra district and large numbers are turning to the Savior in that vicinity.

Maroalaka and Sampoana

The Lord is visiting our field. Samson is a Tandroy from Behara. In him the "Lord has chosen the foolish to confound the wise," 1 Cor. 1:27. His early education was very meager, but he studies his Bible diligently and has the faith of a child. His magnetic personality draws his fellow Tandroys about him by hundreds.

Maroalaka is a group of villages east of Ambovombe. The population is very dense, in fact, not yet numbered. In the morning Samson gathers the children and others who are free to leave the herds and fields. He loves to

teach. They study the Catechism and Bible History and learn hymns. In the evening the grown-ups are assembled. The children come again, for they can not stay away. There is much singing and teaching. Again the Law and the Gospel are made clear.

The meeting house where they gathered became entirely too small. "We will build our own Church," they

Feeding the Hungry

said, and set to work. The men gathered strong poles in the forest and put up the frame work. The women collected grass and braided it for the walls. The roof was thatched. The church was large enough to hold that assembly of Maroalaka villagers. The people felt very much pleased about it. It resembles a large haystack, but

in the Lord's sight it is a beautiful edifice of glory, for it is an expression of His temple in their hearts.

Samson continued his teaching in the new church. Every six months the people of the district villages gather for worship at Ambovombe. Chief among these villages is Maroalaka. From one to two hundred in number, they come with sure tread into the spacious station church, up the long aisle, to the very front. There they sit down, entirely "at home." The clean Hova merchants and their families draw their white clothes tightly about them, lest they be contaminated by the filthy Tandroys and the odor of rancid tallow in their hair. The Tandroys are not worried, however. For Samson and the missionary have told them that the Lord, whom they are beginning to worship, wants them to come, and it is His house they are in.

Gradually, as the hearts are made free from idolatry in the new life, these Tandroys desire to draw away from the old ways. The tallow in the hair is done away with. The odors are washed off in the river. They buy a piece of clothing to wear to church. So the inner life expresses itself in outward cleanliness and order. Many hundreds have been baptized into fellowship with the Lord during the last five years.

Sampoana is another cluster of eight villages, about twelve miles from Maroalaka, and nearer Behara. They heard of the "new worship" which had come to Maroalaka. When we made a tour through that country, they begged that we send them a teacher too. They were given Petera. They supplied him with a house in the center of the town. Petera's great problem was to care for the large numbers who came to learn. Fathers, mothers, and children sought instruction. We had to order a new stock of Catechisms, Bible Histories, and Hymn books. There was a great stir in Sampoana. Everywhere we hear young and old repeating the Articles of Faith and singing hymns.

At the semi-annual meeting at Behara, Petera and fifty pupils came, bringing their own corn for the three days. "Yes, we are all learning," they said, "we are building a church, too, Petera's house is too small." At Christmas time eleven were baptized. They were the first fruits of the Sampoana revival. Fifty others were busy learning to read and understand God's Word. "For we must hurry," they said. "Some of us may die, and we must be baptized so we can enter the gate where *Jesosy* lives."

There is no disturbance, no great noise. The Holy Spirit has come as a gentle breeze of spring, refreshing, reviving, giving new life.

What Remains to be Done

To possess the unoccupied territory of our mission field is indeed very urgent. To develop and establish the older parts of the work is no less important. Pioneers must be found to go out into the new districts. Wise and patient missionaries are needed to continue what has been begun, to develop the congregations, and especially to train the Christians in church leadership. They are children who need the missionary as their father and adviser. He spends much time traveling in the country, supervising the evangelists' work, preaching to large and small groups, encouraging the people to build their own churches, and to send their children to the mission schools.

There are Girls' Homes established at most of the mission stations. At one place, where fifty girls was the maximum number that could be accepted in years when food was cheap, eighty have been received and provided for in a year of high prices. The missionary announced that no more could possibly be taken after that. The next day twelve young heathen girls came from an outlying district. They had not heard of the closed door, so they came and asked to be taken in and to learn to "pray" in the new way. The Gospel has just begun to enter their

Ordination Service for Three Native Pastors in the Fort Dauphin Church

home village; they had felt the summons. The missionary was compelled to send them home and to tell them to come again next year. Many of them will then have been married off to heathen. They have no choice in the matter, for it is the parents' doings. Since the mission could not take them they arrange to marry them off. An unmarried daughter around the home is a disgrace to the family.

When speaking of what remains to be done, we do not consider the future problems of the land itself, though these are of necessity affected by the mission work as people who become Christians seek the better things in life and naturally rise to a higher place of living, in learning, in cleanliness, in chastity, and in development of the home. The development of mines and trades, are attended to by the government and the colonists. By them the country is being transformed. Graphite, mica, and food products are transported in quantities. Large highways with speeding automobiles and trucks are replacing the *palanquin* (carrying chair) and the ox-cart. Modern methods and devices follow the new industries. The white man's rush, exploration and materialism are penetrating every corner of the island.

The religion of the ancestors, animism, is becoming out-of-date and too narrow for the more enlightened Malagasy, many of whom acquire a public school education in the government schools. These are drawn into the white man's skepticism and materialism which have many diligent interpreters even in Madagascar, in the form of Malagasy and French magazines, books, and the native soldiers who have returned from military service in France.

"God is the dead man's God—
The wise believes that which he understands,
Is seen with his eyes, is touched by his hands."

As one missionary expressed it: "They ate of the tree of knowledge in Europe's heathen garden, and they believed they were filled."

Accompanying this new "civilization" we find a strong desire for the "modern" amusements. The white man's dance adopted by the heathen becomes horrible beyond words. The worst of the western world's moving pictures are "teaching the Malagasy that which has made the white man so wise and superior."

The great problem is to awaken the conscience of the people. Centuries of hardening in darkness have made the conscience dull and inactive. The Malagasy Christian is called a child, but his conscience is not so tender. We must give God's Word time to awaken it, to make it sensitive to the Holy Spirit's voice. Again we wish to stress the need of consecrated witnesses who will guide the individuals.

More than forty years have passed since Missionary Hogstad began work at Fort Dauphin and more than twenty years since the first station at Androy was opened for the Gospel. But lack of missionaries, of native workers, and of funds have prevented us from caring for these fields as we should. The large masses remain unbaptized, and live in the darkness of heathendom.

Antanimora asked for a missionary over twenty-five years ago. "I am too old," said the aged chief, "I shall soon be gathered to my heathen ancestors. Your message has come too late for me. But send a missionary to teach the new worship to my children and my tribe. There is still time for them."

"Yes," said the missionary, "you shall have a missionary." Time passed, and there was no missionary to send to Antanimora. The chief sent a delegation to Fort Dauphin.

"We are waiting anxiously for the new missionary," was the message.

"I shall tell your '*parents*' in America," said the missionary, "Meanwhile you had better build a church for him in which to preach."

The delegation returned to Antanimora. They built a church, of grass and bark and hand-hewn timber, the same materials as they used in their own houses.

The missionaries already had more to do than they were able to manage. Some succumbed to fever and overwork, and had to leave the field. The others continued at the institutions and stations already begun, which could not be left vacant.

A quarter of a century passed. The church at Antanimora, built so bravely with the hope that a missionary would be sent them, fell into ruin and decay. The old chief, and many, many of his children have been gathered to their heathen ancestors. For the Message did not reach them.

A number of *Hova* and *Betsileo* Christians, merchants at Antanimora, together with the grandchildren of the old chief have built another church. They are still waiting for the missionary. Daily numbers are gathered like the old chief—to their heathen ancestors—for them the Message comes too late.

A Malagasy pastor and an evangelist were given to them some years ago. But they are as a drop in the ocean to the large mass of Tandroys, the tribe of the old chief. There must be a missionary and many active workers for that region of fifteen thousand souls.

Farther west, near Mahafaliland, lies Beloha, an immense district without a missionary. The missionary from Tsihombe visits there as frequently as occasion permits, but his own station requires almost all of his time and strength. Beloha awaits a missionary and many, many native workers to go out into the distant parts of that large area which has just been touched by the Gospel.

While missionaries in Androy, we received many peti-

tions for evangelists. Following is a letter from an outlying and very dark corner of our field:

Dear Father and Mother:

We at Ankilivelo ask an evangelist from you, O father and mother, for there are many children here who wish to learn. Come here, we beg. Send us a teacher at once.

So say your children at Ankilivelo.

So the doors open, but we have no evangelist to send to them.

Slowly and quietly, village after village has come under the influence of the Gospel. Little lights from the mother church are kindled in the out-of-the-way places. Faithful evangelists are carrying these lights to the darkest places.

The Lord's work of salvation is under way. When unbaptized people are moved by the Holy Spirit to travel long distances, over hills and mountains, to find someone to teach them; when churches are filled to overflowing with searching souls who thirst for the Light; then we know that the Lord is visiting His people, and we have cause to rejoice and to praise Him.

The footprints of Zanahary are found everywhere in South Madagascar revealing the blessed effects of His presence. May He continue to go forward "conquering and to conquer."

Statistics of the Seven Protestant Missions in Madagascar 1930

Name of Society	Foreign Staff				Native Staff		Church			Schools		Self Support
	Year Established	Men	Women	Total	Ordained	Unordained	No. of Stations	Congregations	Baptized Members	No. of Schools	Pupils	
London Missionary Society	1818	19	7	26	53	335	11	700	96,000	870	47.800	2,300,000 frs. ($92,000)
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	1864	7	0	7	46	240	7	279	23,000	105	5,000	.....
Friends Foreign Missionary Society	1867	7	6	13	....	200	4	200	24,000	135	4,500	.....
Paris Missionary Society	1896	10	12	22	97	240	16	590	50,000	300	15,000	700,000 ($28,000)
Norwegian Missionary Society	1866	36	30	66	153	1,172	32	1.246	117,178	940	29,579	700,000 ($28,000)
Norwegian Lutheran Church of America (Taken over in 1892)	1888	19	18	37	18	197	10	140	7,680	145	6,509	80,000 ($3,200)
Lutheran Free Church (Taken over in 1894)	1888	7	2	9	13	81	7	76	3,467	68	2,598	45,900 ($1,836)
Totals		105	75	180	380	2,465	87	3,231	321,325	2,563	110,986	

Heralds of the Gospel to Madagascar

J. P. Hogstad, sent in 1887; died in Fort Dauphin, 1911.
E. H. Tou, sent in 1889; to America, 1905; died 1917.
G. N. Isolany, sent in 1893; to America, 1901; pastor, Walhalla, N. Dak.
O. B. Sanders, sent in 1893; to America, 1902; pastor.
Caroline Nilsen, sent in 1893; to America, 1901.
J. Skaar, sent in 1897; to America, 1901; pastor emeritus.
P. C. Halvorson, sent in 1897; to America, 1916; representative, Foreign Missions.
M. J. Stolee, sent in 1900; to America, 1909; Professor of Missions, Luther Theological Seminary.
A. Elle, sent in 1901; to America, 1903; pastor, Canada.
G. Torvik, sent in 1901.
Emma Dahl, sent in 1901; to Norway, 1906.
Jørgine Mjøvik, sent in 1902; to America, 1906; died 1908.
P. A. Bjelde, sent in 1905.
Wm. Trygstad, sent in 1905.
Nellie Dahl, sent in 1905.
Sister Caroline Thompson, sent in 1907; drowned when steamer sank near Capetown, South Africa, 1917.
Sister Mette Hagen, sent in 1907.
Alfred Picard, sent in 1908; to America, 1926.
Chr. Pedersen, sent in 1908.
Anna Wilhelmsen, sent in 1909; married A. Picard, 1911; died, Tananarive, 1917.
John Fjeldstad, sent in 1910; to America, 1915.
Eugene Rateaver, sent in 1911.
Sister Anna Stenseth, sent in 1911; married K. F. Braaten, 1921.
Sister Bertha Landsverk, sent in 1912; to America, 1917; died 1924.
Sivert Nesdal, sent in 1912.
B. M. Schroder, sent in 1913.
Sven Tverberg, sent in 1914.

R. C. Cartford, sent in 1914.
Ingara Nakling, sent in 1914.
J. K. Krogh, sent in 1914; to America, 1921; pastor, Little Falls, Minn.
Sister Oline Egesdal, sent in 1916.
David Lovaas, sent in 1916.
K. F. Braaten, sent in 1916.
Celia Thompson, sent in 1919.
Anna Knutson, sent in 1920; married Wm. Trygstad, 1921; died Feb., 1932.
Sister Ella Ness, sent in 1920.
O. P. Stavaas, sent in 1920.
Anena Christensen, sent in 1920; to America, 1923.
Sister Laura Peterson, sent in 1921.
J. F. Ylvisaker, sent in 1921; to Africa, 1925 (Schreuder Mission).
Olaf Carlson, sent in 1921.
Marie Torgerson, sent in 1921; to America, 1928.
Sister Anna Gjernes, sent in 1922.
T. F. Braaten, sent in 1922.
C. P. Rasmussen, sent in 1923; to America, 1925; pastor, St. Paul, Minn.
Sister Clara Fremming, sent in 1923; to America, 1926.
P. B. Stolee, sent in 1924.
Constance Stolee, sent in 1924; married A. S. Burgess, 1928.
Alta Hougen, sent in 1924.
Cora Anderson, sent in 1924; to America, 1927; died 1927.
Laura Olson, sent in 1925.
O. L. Hofstad, sent in 1925.
A. S. Burgess, sent in 1926.
Mayme Stevenson, sent in 1927.
Agnette Haugen, sent in 1927.
Agnes England, sent in 1927.
F. S. Hallanger, sent in 1928.
Bertha Rorstad, sent in 1930.
Dora Gulbranson, sent in 1930.
Lyla Sivesind, sent in 1930.

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